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SONNETS AND LOVE SONGS

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By
GEORGE GRAHAM CURRIE

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PREFACE

THIS book is not an autobiography in the general understanding of that word, but the author uses it to present to the public some very close views of a poet's entity, for after all, his sentiments on love and his sentiments on philosophy are a very close indication of what a man really is. The love songs have been written under stress of passion, emotion or conviction at various times during a period covering thirty years of his life. No important affair de coeur of his experience has been left unsung, and whether light or heavy, serious or gay, his attitude to the fairer sex at the years have one by one engulfed him, may herein be traced by the curious eye and the interested heart.

The sonnet is of all forms of versification the most convenient to contain concise thoughts on any one subject, and on that account if the reader has the leisure to peruse those that are herein presented, so that he may go over each one at least three times, he will be able to decide quite clearly the particular points on which he and the author may differ. If the reader can arrive at such a decision, he will have been benefited materially even though he has found out that the author has most unfortunate twists on many subjects.

To amuse, to entertain, to benefit the reader, is the author's main desire in publishing his work, and even if this has to be done at his own expense, he will still be amply repaid.

Yours very truly

- Lee E. Cline

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SONNETS

INVOCATION

Genius of Minstrelsy! Spirit of Song!
My life—my all—are consecrate to thee.
With thy sweet winsome grace envelop me;
Make me thine own for I have loved thee long.
I do not ask to marshal conquering hand
To victory or to fame-enlaurelled tomb;
I ask no riches; I could face my doom
Though poverty stalked 'round on every hand;
But God can witness how I fain would sing:
A note of comfort to the aching heart;
A chord of hope no misery could thwart;
A tune to lead gay youth in guileless dance;
A lullaby for age of life's romance;—
A song celestial crowning honor KING.

(1) As Seen by The Minister.

Dear Christian brothers who before me sit
  Dressed up and sibling in the pink of style,
  Who when I weep weep with me and who smile
With equal mimicry when I see fit:
It gives me pleasure in my humble way
  To thank you for the holiness you don
  When I am with you. I can bear your yawn
Remembering that through it truth makes display.
When you are young—ere yet temptations sue—
  Perchance I sometimes see your inmost heart;
  And sometimes, too, when Death his awful dart
Raises to strike your terrors make you true;
But while the Lord lets healthy currents flow
You are the biggest hypocrites I know.

(2) As Seen by The Doctor.

Poor suffering creature! How the poet lies
  When he extols thee as a work divine;
  Could he through glasses as undimmed as mine
Behold thee groaning, he to truth might rise.
Behind the mask that people know as "man,"
  Cringes a victim to some destined ill;
  The seed is there that when it blossoms will
Cut short the trembler in life's little span.
His pains, his aches, his trials and his tears;
His shames, his sorrows, his consuming fears
  Laid bare expose him as but mortal clay
Preying on beasts, while that on which he feeds
In turn devours him and explains his deeds,
And makes one wonder how so long his day.

(3) As Seen by The Lawyer.

Man, his heirs, successors and assigns
  To nature's first behest gives certain ear;

And that he may himself preserve in chaos
To vent his neighbours makes profane designs.
These said designs (erroneously to him)
Are called such names as "interests" and "rights,"
And for these rights alleged a world he fights
And prays its courts his foes to override.
It matters little who bestrides his path—
His father David or Philistine hordes—
With Shylock wisdom he interprets words
And to the death maintains his selfish wrath;
E'en after death to cloud each title's flaw
He has conceived his chief design—the Law.

(4) As Seen by The Newspaper Man.
I've wandered often—as upon my way—
(My duty simply to collect the news)
I've found but one sole source to glean men's views,
If boasting was the habit of the day.
And after years of wonder now at length
I have decided that it is too true,
For in my dealings with the favored few
Or with the rank bald flattery is my strength.
In saintly garb, in pugilistic belt,
In four-inch collar or in stylish,
In men from London or from far Cathay
The ruling feature is the same way spelt:
Man's common failing lies within this bird;
If you would please him put his name in print.

(5) As Seen by The Shopkeeper.
Ach man, mein friend, come in und see dese tings,
Dey vas de very tings dat most you need;
Come in. I love you very much indeed—
You vas vun angel mit embroidered wings.
Dis hat vas goot; 'tis in de latest style,
De King of England bought von just like dat;
Oh yes, I know he's dead. He got de hat

Before he died. Vot makes you shmile?
You vant a coat! Take dis, it vears so vell
  In vinter time it keeps de cold right out;
  Vile in de summer ven de sun's about
No heat gets in—dis fact I swear to tell.
Not goot? Mein Gott! unless you buy dese tings
You surely vas von ass mit goose's vings.

(6) As Seen by The Aristocrat.
Ye howling mob, ye fawning lapdog race,
  Ye ingrate ignoramuses attend;
  From off our lofty level we descend
With magnanimity to prove your place.
You are our slaves. We bought you with a price—
  Too high 'tis true; but since 'tis paid 'tis paid,
  And we'll consent to keep you—in the shade—
From such a depth of course there is no rise.
We ought to hate you for there have been fools
  Who dared to think that we and you were kin,
  And from such madness rose the awful din
For manhood suffrage and for higher schools;
But thanks to gold we have you yet in rein,
And there we'll hold you—quite beneath disdain.

(7) As Seen by His Friends.
He has his faults, but he has virtues too;
  And these so far outshine the little slips,
  That, take him all in all, they quite eclipse
And show the sun as seen weak Luna through.
Majestical beside aught else he stands:
  There is no beauty that is not his dower;
  Upraised with reason and with conscious power
All nature is a servant in his hands.
Bravely he breasts misfortune's foaming wave;
  Over its billows hear him even sing;

He's often moved his very foes to tears,
While to his loved ones see him fondly cling.
Man's sore temptations, to the Devil's plan
Are but his vengeance on the God in man.

(8) As Seen by His Foe.

Monster profound whose every thought is guile,
Your chief delight is tearing others down;
'Tis when your soul is cursèd that you frown;
Your deadliest efforts are behind your smile.
And yet 'tis certain that by malice lost
Your courage oft your enemy appals;
When on the elephant the lion falls
Too like his valor to the human's boast.
You are a savage that one must oppose,
Slay cross till certain you are in our power,
Lest in the crossing our poor blood should freeze
And leave us helpless in that direst hour.
Brute man! whose passions are your goad to act;
Your one perfection is your want of heart.

(9) As Seen by Woman.

My Lord and Master; my admirer too;
My noble guardian and my minister;
There is no praise but what sounds sinister
When I am singing of my love for you.
I dream about you ere you yet have come;
I bear you with a pride I dare not show,
Your playful antics as to age you grow
Are with your other parts my pleasure's sum.
As Father you are worth personified;
As Brother you are comradeship complete;
As Husband there is naught so dear—so sweet—
As Son you are the hope for which I sighed.
For you I labor and endure all pain,
Since suffering for you is my greatest gain.

(10) As Seen by God.

With one sole attribute to be maintained,
  Each other handiwork but man I've graced;
  But man within My universe is placed
With attributes of all in one contained.
The oak's grim strength—the frailty of flowers—
  Are but suggestive of man's multi-powers,
  The whole creation save in this regard
Achieves its end within its little life;
But warring powers in self-preserving strife
  Make man immortal as his fit reward,
  For strife continues until Life and Light
Put Death and Darkness into endless flight,
When—evil vanquished—man becomes divine
And one with Me perfects My great design.

WOMAN—IN HER INFINITE VARIETY.

(1) As Seen by The Poet.

Daughters of Eve: Of Trojan Helen's sex;
  Juno's ambassadors in every human home;
  With Cleopatra's power to ravish Rome
And more—a man like Cæsar to perplex;
Thy traits I'd sing—yet vain will be my song,
  Unless assisted by the winsome Muse,
  Whose woman's wiles will twist my sagest views,
And use me that she may thy sway prolong.
I know full well her proneness to such art;
  'Tis useless to resist her arch desire;
  She never lent a poet of her fire,
Without demanding, from the very start,
The tribute of his zeal for maiden worth;
His championship of her who gave him birth.

(2) As Sung by The Misogynist.

Velvety creature, whose delicious smile,
  Makes fools of men; within whose lightening arms,
  We think no heaven can contain the charms
That otherwise observed partake of guile;
Thou art man's so-called peer, and yet his slave:
  He knows thee less than him—fools thee grow stale—
  Can prove though fair thou too art false and frail;
But passion test such dangers still will brave.
  In every art he leaves thee far behind;
  Thou must grow mannish or be science blind;
As daughter, sister, wife, too closely scanned,
Thy faults more naked than thy virtues stand;
'Tis but in fiction thou art aught divine:—
Thy lord's the sun that makes thy moon to shine.

(3) As Sung by The Lover.

Sweet lovely woman; paragon of flowers;
  Standard of beauty and man's highest hope;
  With thee as guiding star he's fit to cope
And battle every barrier to his powers;
Thy frailty—thy delicacy warms.
  We love the very faults we think we see—
  Which proves that after all they cannot be
Faults, but the savory fillip to thy charms;
God bless thee darling! Make thee all His care,
  Increase thy radiance till the sun is dimmed,
  Trim thee as roses up in heaven are trimmed;
And keep thee wholesome as the mountain air:
For by such providence of thee, soft mate,
Man too is lifted to a higher state.

(4) As Sung by The Other Woman.

Companion of my childhood; bosom friend;
  Whom youth suggested secrets all might know;
  Bright garden where I see perfections grow
So nicely, I forget they grow in sand;

Sister, whose pretty face might rouse dislike
  Were it unknown you could not help your faults:
  For mercy's sake what attitudes you strike!
Be careful dear, your pose is like your waltz!
How well you dress! Is that your last year's hat?
  Ah! really, I quite thought it looked the same:
  Been sickly have you? Oh that is a shame—
It struck me somehow that you looked too fat.
Ideal Being in the world's great plan
You surely are the sweetest—after man.

(5) As Seen by The Philosopher.

Bone of man's bone; flesh of his mortal flesh;
  How truly woman's called man's other half.
Within the net of home she is the mesh;
  Of all that man creates the willing staff.
In infancy upon her yielding breast,
  We lie and dream about her boundless power;
  Our childish rod—her frown—can make us cower;
And of each early feat her smile's the test;
Ripe age looks to her and with clinging lip
  Confesses all the balm she spreads so free.
  With ministering hand she tenderly
Smoothes many a furrowed brow for its last sleep.
The rose may wither when the summer dies:
But woman ever blooms in manly eyes.

DEMOCRATIC DOCTRINES.

As presented in the McKinley-Bryan Campaign of 1900.

ALL MEN ARE EQUAL.

All men are equal in the eyes of law.
  So said the sires who fought to make us free;
  And through the decades has that grand decree
Preserved a people from the tyrant's paw.

But lo! the mass, forgetful of the cause
Of their great freedom and our country's might,
Are wavering and weak while greedy laws
Seek now to take away that equal right.
In Porto Rico and the Philippines,
Man are not men some lustful leaders rave,
And wailing winds moan o'er dividing wave
The apathy of kindred to the awful signs:
But winds are shifting and a time may come
When those dividing lines will rend our home.

PRACTICE WHAT YOU PREACH.

Bring back your arms from far Philippean shores;
Why crush the spirit of that Island race?
What crime is theirs except the crime we trace
Back to our fathers' and their children's doors?
When we demand that we shall rule at home
It is a precedent for every land;
And as we hope for right at our demand
So should we hear the pleas that to us come.
Spain would not listen to the Cuban cry,
Till we in their behalf took up the sword:
It makes a difference whose ox is gored—
Or else our Cuban war was all a lie.
Behold! we wave our flag to free brave men
That we may re-enslave them if we can.

ARE OUR MOTIVES PURE?

Can flattering unction and the glare of spoil
So soon seduce our young republic's fame?
Or is it glory without fear of shame,
That fazes our troops o'er Asiatic soil?
Is it sheer virtue with no hope of gain,
Save but to free our citizens abroad,
That men are dying on a foreign plain?
And can we on their part implore our God?

Would Washington—would Jefferson—if here
Confirm the message to unfurl our flag,
And with land-grabbing allies strive to clear
A path to Pekin while home statesmen brag?
A last pure test—could Lincoln's honored shade
Be now invoked to lend invasion aid?

BEWARE OF MILITARISM.

In far off Sparta in days best gone by,
The grand ideal was to wield world power;
And he who dared before a foe to cower
By even mother love was doomed to die.
This martial spirit so imbued the race
That Spartans thought the sword their only tool;
While Helots tilled the soil beneath their rule
And were but slaves who held their lives by grace.
Thus Sparta's glory was her greatest shame;
Train men to arms and they, true toil to shirk,
Must still have Helot slaves to do the work;
And Helot slaves mean death to every right
While warrior worship is the lurid light
By which we see the way all Cæsars came.

NOW WITH THE TRUSTS.

Shall Trusts usurp the presidential chair?
Shall Government be but the tool of gold?
Shall brazen pomp grow bolder and more bold
While freedom fawns or crouches in its lair?
Beware lest combines in this pregnant hour
Become so strong they can despise the vote
That now exerted would upturn the boat
Wherein they sail to certain sovereign power.
Shall we protect these multi-millionaires,
And fill their coffers with the widow's mite?
While they unmindful of the orphan's prayers

Reduce man's wages and our freedom blight.
Down with the Trusts or else we soon shall see
America no more the land of liberty.

SILVER SHALL BE FREE.

"Coin only Gold," the Wall Street magnates cry,
And loud the echo from the White House calls;
While louder still throughout the Senate Halls
Resounds the din that drowns the people's sigh.
"'Tis true," they say, "once silver had its day
"But that day's done or wealth has lost its power,
"Wealth can't afford its money thus to shower
"On men who work—on unkempt common clay."
The poor were robbed by sleek long-headed stealth,
When silver first the law demonetized;
But now in morals law has been baptized
And guards the thieves in their ill-gotten wealth.
But right is might, despite the Powers that Be;
And time is near when silver shall be free.

BLOCK THE HOGS.

What is this wealth that it should have a right
In our young land above the rights of man?
Is flesh so common in creation's plan
That it must bow and scrape to brute's might?
Because our country once was free from class
Our fathers dreamed not that it was a bane:
And therefore made a Senate to contain
Men who were not beholden to the mass.
But we have learned that classes are a snare;
And that a senator—else tried and true—
Is an aristocrat free men must rue—
Since for their votes he has no vital care.
Block the Senate and arrest its fall:
Make lords of none but honored peers of all.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

By God's great grace America is free:
  Her sovereign people own no upstart lord:
  They rule themselves and with a ready sword
Will still maintain that glorious liberty.
To pamper princes rouses all their scorn;
  To baffle kingcraft gains their sympathy;
  In conscious strength—of blood-bought victory born—
They stand the champions of democracy.
As grand protectors from Imperial greed—
  Unurged by appetites for old world power—
  In new world soil 'tis theirs to sow the seed
That nursed and shielded yields republic flower.
Columbia's past prescribes her right to clear
From Europe's sway the western hemisphere.

LEVY AN INCOME TAX.

We must have revenue without a doubt;
  This all agree to and the question lies
  In how we'll get it and yet be most wise:
Since wisdom oft in unknown guise we flout.
Some say Protection is the only way:—
  Perhaps it is but to our cost we learn
  That those protected on ourselves oft turn
And use the strength we give to dock men's pay.
Some think our country should be run by fines;
While others swear a revenue from wines
Would put the load upon the ablest backs.
  But after all when all have had their say
  There's but one true—one plainly honest way:
And that's by levying an Income Tax.

SHALL WE HAVE PEACE—OR WAR?

From off a bluff where swelled Montana's breast,
Two scenes I saw of wonderful contrast:

High on my right far stretched the rolling plain;
  Dry, cracked, forbidding, with no sign of life
  Save that of frighted beasts in desperate strife
Fleeing the prairie fire that came amain
  With clouds of smoke and yawning lurid glare.
Upon my left below me smiled a vale:
Green, fertile, sweet; protected from the gale
  By sloping hills where flocks devoid of care
Nibbled the grassy sward. A shady spot
Near pleasant stream half hid the shepherd's cot.
Here side by side ruled Pan and Bloody Mar:
The vale was peace; the plain grim-visaged war.

WHEN OTHER LEADERS FAIL.

We've read his speech. In every word we see
  Honor stand clear and courage to the death:
  Love for the lowly is in every breath
And earnest purpose to spread liberty.
None can confront the honest views he holds;
  While dreams of empire must before them fall;
  Leave to Monarchic greed the hateful call—
And trust a future that true virtue moulds.
The principle of empire is a snare,
  Wherein its advocates themselves are caught;
  The greed that prompts it is the same dark blot
That hides from rich men when they've had their share.
Let men thank God when other leaders fail:
Forth comes A BRYAN to make the tyrants quail.

FLORIDIAN FANCIES

AN OPEN LETTER TO HENRY MORRISON FLAGLER

(From a citizen of the East coast of Florida, on the occasion of the completion of the over-sea railway to Key West, in January, 1912).

Dear Uncle Henry—as you've sometimes named,
I write you to convey a poet's thanks,
To compensate in part the abuse of cranks,
And let you know you're praised as well as blamed.
Your life to us has been an open book:
We've read about you and we know it all;
You've had your cares that would most men appal—
And stood sometimes in what you sidestruck.
But you are human we are proud to own;
And what you've done as such is wondrous great:
Who else has lived and conquered human fate
And helped his kind as by yourself you've done?
'Tis therefore pleasure in set verse to pay,
Such homage to a hero as I may.

A poor man's son you started in the race
With even chances. By manual toil,
And constant "roughing it" in life's turmoil
You got the good of labor's saving grace:
The strong physique—the sturdy arm and thigh—
The constitution that could stand a strain—
The body competent to hold great brain,
And guide huge projects with unfaltering eye.
Grim sorrow, too, provided from its store
Wholesale afflictions to enhance your power;
For scarcely ever have you known an hour
Some secret loss you might not still deplore:
By labor strengthened and by grief made true:
Heaven surely signalled you had work to do.

Conceiver of a plan of corporate strength,
  Than which no greater has been ever known;
  Your genius as an organizer then was shown,
Until the STANDARD OIL came forth at length:
Child of your brain and creature of your power,
  It gained and grew until it waxed so strong
  The nation feared it and compelled ere long
Its dissolution lest the nation cower.
What greater proof could any mortal ask
That his accomplishment was mighty task?
But with the wealth that flowed from Standard Oil,
  Unslanted always by a threatening sky,
  To Florida you turned with curious eye
And viewed a wilderness where hopes recoil.

Untracked, unknown, not seeming worth a smile,
  That long discovered land stretched South its arm,
  With none to whisper of its wealth or charm;
Or seek to open up its many a mile.
But when you viewed its palmy covered strand,
  You looked and saw what no one yet had seen;
  And straightway where one only blade had been
You planted two; and joined by iron band
The whole peninsula. Into the waste,
  With foresight and with zeal that seemed divine,
  You pushed the work of progress till each sign,
Proved to the doubting your artistic taste:
And soon where nature wild had sought repose
You made the desert blossom as the rose.

Towns sprang to life where once deep jungles frowned,
  Forests were felled and fields of pines appeared;
  Orange groves came forth upon the hammocks
And in dank prairies gardens soon were found [cleared,
Men, blest with work,—the highest kind of alms—
  Grew independent at your bounteous hand;
  And with the waving of your magic wand

Florida, enchanted, spread abroad her balms.
Now hears the world what you had brought to light
  And soon behind you follow tourist hordes,
  Whom still to please you gave whit wealth affords
And beauteous homes sprang upward in a night.
Till as an acme to ambitious reach
Out of the jungle rose to view—**PALM BEACH.**

Such feat alone would give eternal fame:
  But still insatiate, you forward press—
  Out from the fast improving wilderness—
Into Atlantic to more laurelled name.
BRIDGING THE OCEAN for commercial ends:
  Binding with loops of steel Key West's fair isle;
  Flaunting defiance at the billows' toil
And by their conquest making long amends.
Surely we owe you more than tongue can tell,
  For what you've done to bring about our ease:
  Giving us power, like gods, to ride wild seas
In Pullmans lounging while around yawns hell,
While we've been seeking wreaths we ought to bring,
You by great acts have crowned yourself our king.

Not such a king as Europeans boast
  But one America is proud to own:
  One who requires no bolster to his throne,
But who wins homage free from Coast to Coast.
Your sceptre likewise is a badge of might
  Won by intrinsic virtue; and your sway
  Comes without price to gild your closing day,
And prove to all how well you've won its right.
May years yet pass ere all your work's complete,
  To give us time to prove our praise sincere:
  And give to those after a chance to hear:
For History embalms such wondrous feat,

And on the stone, which soon or late must rise
Above your tomb, engraves, mid worldwide sighs:

EPITAPH

Here 'neath the turf where many times he trod
Lies Henry Flagler, face to face with God;
How came his wealth or what his motives were
Leave we to that Most High Tribunal's care;
Suffice it now that we confess our loss,
And since he's gone take up our heavier cross.
He came to Florida and with his gold
Changed trackless jungle into fertile weld;
If he but looked, behold the noisome wild
Bedecked itself with green and prosperous smiled,
And where fierce snakes and alligators crept
Now thriving cities into life have stepped—
Grand, lasting monuments to that great zeal
Which ended robs us of our speedier weal.

TO THE WHITE MAN'S GOD.

The Dying Address of Osceola, the Seminole Chief, from His Cell in the White Man's Prison, at Fort Moultrie, S. C.

All-powerful Being from across wild sea;
Who guards the white man while the red men die;
A prisoner fast, I needs must walk on Thee,
Altho I hate Thee and Thy power defy.
Relentless Spirit of an alien race,
Would that we Indians had a god so strong;
Then might we robbers of our birthright chase;—
Then might we safely offer wrong for wrong.
I ask no favors as I know too well,
The utter hopelessness of aid from Thee;
Thy lack of justice e'en my birth can tell,
And all my life proclaims Thy cruelty.
Now as the happy hunting grounds I near
I voice Thy Mandates that the world may hear.

Ere yet a mortal by Thy great consent,
A white man lured my mother to her shame;
And when rejected like cigar that's spent,
Into the world unwelcomely I came.
My infant years among my mother's kin
Were hardly over, till on conquest bent,
A white man's army, Thy applause to win,
Laid waste our country with a murderous vent.
Expatriated to the south we fled;
Far from the comforts that were once our share;
Into morasses where our daily bread
Was spared by reel men from their scanty fare.
There I grew up to married man's estate,
In spite of There and of the white man's hate.

To married man's estate I grew, and lo!
My happiness had made me half forget
The wrongs I suffered, and the woe
My people had endured and suffered yet;
Until backed up by Thy express Command
A white man seized my happy erstwhile bride
And carried her by force to other land,
There as a slave to rob her of her pride.
Did I protest? Will rather—has who cared?
A father's or a husband's claims were naught;
And when with anger overcome I dared
Demand her back, in irons I was brought
Before the white man's chief, and forced to kneel
And speak repentance that no man could feel.

And then they murmured and beseeched Thy aid
Because, forsooth, I laid the tyrant low;
While strangers still my vengeance to degrade
Thy help was given to multiply our foe.
And in the hunting grounds where once we passed
Free as the deer that nibbled in the glades;

Each tree belched fire and we must stand aghast,
Or with a white man's army measure blades.
But we were braves and by my counsels strong;
We gave no quarter but shed blood for blood;
And though but one to ten we rallied long,
And held our own against the paleface flood.
Our cause was just and as a patriot band
We chose to live or die on native land.

We had been told the white man's God was just;
And that the white man's act was always true.
'Twas said deception was a red man's lust,
But what the white man spoke he'd surely do:
This hollow boast is ever folly's bane;
The white man's promise never was fulfilled;
But with *"Wyomy" in each chieftain's brain,
The white man forced agreements as he willed.
Finding his strength, though ten to one, too weak
To cope with red men on their native sod;
The white man chose by crooked ways to wreak
An unfair vengeance that Thou didst applaud.
And I, who should have known from treatment past,
Was seized 'neath flag of truce, and here am cast.

Murder, Conspiracy, Coercion, Fraud—
These are the weapons that have won the fight;
Supreme in these I own the white man's God
And give Him credit for His might-made right.
The passing red man with his free wild life
Is far too honest to encounter greed
Such as the white man by long cherished strife
Has nurtured till it stares through every deed.
And so like me my type must pass away,
A sacrifice to more aggressive power;
Yet in our passing from unequal fray
The future world will miss its noblest flower.
But when the time is ripe, shall other race
Take with like cruelty the white man's place.

*"Wyomy" is the Seminole for Whiskey.

IN HONOR OF ST. AUGUSTINE, THE OLDEST CITY IN AMERICA

We humble classic tomes, St. Augustine,
To trace beginnings of your ancient seat;
And thro' the centuries that intervene,
We find the pages with great deeds replete.
We see you first an Indian town unwalled,
Where stalked the red man not yet civilized;
Until de Leon in his search for YOUTH,
Determined where you stand was what he prized.
We see you then become the white man's prey,
And Europe's kings consider you a gem:
And battle for possession for a day—
In turn to sparkle in their diadem.
First came the Spanish; then the French, and next
The British held you as their prize perplexed:

For what, with foes assailing from the sea,
And savages harassing from the land;
Each occupation had a bloody fray
To carve their title on your shifting sand.
But times have changed; and now, St. Augustine,
We find you gentle as your youth was wild:
Your fort unconquered is a tourist scene:
Your crumbling gates now hold the wandering child
Matanzas Bay no longer flashes fire;
But offers shelter to the listless sail:
Your plaza guns have rusted out their ire;
Yet still give credence to the idler's tale:
Yes, times have changed, but greatly for the best;
For now, St. Augustine, your name spells REST.

Within your market place where block men shook,
While masters offered them for sale or hire,
Now lounge admirers who around them look,
In dreamy wonder at poetic fire.

And see your quaint old streets where half awake,
A motley population lugs the wall,
And muse about the changes Time can make,
And how Peace conquers after all.
Your Moorish bootleries—suggesting as they do
With eloquence the story of your past—
Now open wide their portals to the view,
And gild the future that within is cast.
We glory in the years that you have seen;
And with you many more, St. Augustine.

PONCE DE LEON'S MISTAKE.

In search of youth across the watery main,
In ages past de Leon sailed from Spain:
He steered his course to Florid's sunny land,
Where Indians, pointing to its flowery strand,
Assured him: "Here your search will not be vain,
"Rest for awhile and youth you must regain."
But all too eager in his grand desire:
He could not rest—he could not quench his fire—
He must at once be young lest Death, the pest,
Should creep upon him in his idle rest:
So pressing on—as others still are fain
In futile search for what by rest they'd gain—
He passed at length beyond our healthful clime
And died a victim of his fire sublime.

IN THE PINEWOODS.

When sore contentions drive me from the throng
Of struggling humans in life's maddening din;
And I am surfeited with care and sin,
And fain would banish from the world its wrong:

I know no happier place—no holier bourne,
  Than in the pinewoods far from haunt of man:
  Where even echoes enter under ban,
And I'm consoled whichever way I turn.
There may I wander close to Nature's heart,
  With every pulse attuned to feel its throb;
  There may each sigh and passion-laden sob
Find silent balm to gorge the cruel dart:
There all inspired I need no written word
To know I pace the cloisters of the Lord.

CANADIAN THEMES

CANADA.

Loved Canada! Our Lady of the Snows!
Thy name—thy fame—is tuned to many a lyre:
Thy charms to song thy favored sons inspire
While from afar response sweet echo throws.
Thou sittest on thy throne immaculate:
God keep thee so, thy subjects fondly pray.
Throughout thy vast dominion be thy sway
A sway of freedom spite of tyrant's threat.
Be not ashamed to own thy virgin youth.
It is a boast that gives thy present hour—
(Uncurbed by course prescribed—by vested power)
Authority to choose the path of truth;
Since gold or vaunted pedigree can claim
As yet no right to rob thee of thy name.

FAREWELL!

To the Canadian Contingent on their departure from Quebec for service with the British army in the Transvaal, Oct. 31, 1899.

Good-bye Canadians. On far Afric's strand
You'll be the warders of a country's pride:
On you—whatever good or ill betide—
Depends the honor of your native land.
Your every act an Empire's eyes will see;
Upon your courage rests a people's fame;
In foreign climes 'tis yours to guard a name—
Blood-bought on Abram's plain—for chivalry.
We wish you Godspeed all your mission through;
We pray that fortune may your steps attend;
Our hearts are with you in whate'er you do;
We know full well our trust you will defend.
Brothers, adieu! An earnest, warm adieu!—
In life—in death—to CANADA BE TRUE.

WELL DONE.

Message from the people of Canada to their Contingent in South Africa after Paardeberg and the relief of Mafeking.

Well done, brave sons! Your ev'ry move we've traced:
With eager eyes—through tears—we've scanned the news—
You are of us, and so we could not choose
But stand with you or fall at Fate's behest.
We know your value. In your veins you bear
The chivalry of France—the Briton's pride—
With names like "Cartier" or "Champlain" to guide
Or "Brant" or "Brock" to teach you how to dare.
But never did we dream that you might do
Such deeds as late have set us wild with joy:
Such fearless feats—fit boast for fabled Troy—
As give the palm of Paardeberg to you.
We wait, impatient, till the war is o'er,
To do you honor on your proud home shore.

AWAKE MY COUNTRYMEN!

Awake my countrymen! Why longer pause?
Get ready to receive with open arms
Those who so readily at war's alarms
Went forth to battle in our country's cause.
It was their part to buffet ocean's foam
To dredge and labor through a treacherous land—
Where shrubs belched fire and every rock was manned—
To die if need be for their fag-off home.
This have they done—and that they did it well—
With all the vim befitting such a toil
And world-wide credit to their native soil—
The Empire's gratitude itself will tell.
Then let us quick prepare to do our part,
And bid them "welcome" from a nation's heart.

OUR HERO BROTHERS.

Throughout the breadth of our Canadian land
  Let all be glad; let every home rejoice!
  Back to our midst have come the faithful band
Whose gallant actions so approved our choice.
There is no welcome that proud hearts can make
  Will e'er repay the debt we owe these men—
  They fought for us on Afric's hostile plain
And gave their life-blood for our country's sake.
Then fill the wine-cups till each brim runs o'er;
  Drink deep and often to the cherished toast:
  "Our Hero Brothers!" for through them we boast
Defense more certain than a wall-girt shore.
Since these, her sons, as soldiers tried and true,
Have shown to foes what Canada can do.

BY THE GRAVE OF LOUIS RIEL.

In the old churchyard at St. Boniface, across the Red river from Winnipeg.

Here lies, unmourned, the Indian half-breed's friend;
  The Frenchman who demanded English right;
  Who rather than be cheated chose to fight—
Yet fought with those who fain his wrongs would end.
There is no doubt—rebellious though he was—
  His steadfast stand was for his country's good;
  There was a grievance, and in brothers' blood
He wrote the message that made safe their cause
To Manitoba and the Great Northwest.
  His leadership though faulty was not vain:
  Some look upon his sowings with disdain
Who reap the harvest in bad laws redressed.
I see a time when history's page will tell
How much we owe the rebel chief—Riel.

MY CHOICE OF CITIES

If I were asked a city to design,
  Which for its beauty would be world renowned,
  And which with such attractions would abound
That other cities it would quite outshine:
I'd choose a hillside for my city's site,
  With other hills around to change the scene;
  I'd have a sea or river intervene
Whose sinuous course was plain from every height;
I'd have a Castle or a Forted Isle,
  A storied house or two and many a spire,
  With here and there a monument to fire
The citizens with love of glorious toil;
And as a worthy name my burg I'd call
For fair Edina or loved Montreal.

TO SIR WILFRID LAURIER

On the occasion of his defeat at the polls when he was fighting for a policy of commercial reciprocity between Canada and the United States. His opponents successfully fought him on the absurd bugaboo that the movement was a sinister effort on the part of the United States to bring about political Annexation.

World-famous Laurier, by your country blamed,
  Because, forsooth, you saw too far ahead;
We rise to praise you though you were not named,
  And mourn, not you but your fair home, misled.
A greater patriot never raised his voice
  To join together more discordant land;
And for long years you were a nation's choice
  To lead most tactfully each cross-grained band.
But now despite your tact—your silver tongue—
  Your years of service that were ever clean;
Your tolerance of race, so seldom stung,
  And of religion with what that might mean;
You have been attacked for a foolish fear
  And Canada must suffer many a year.

FROM ACROSS THE SEA

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

1. Thou venerable home of Britain's mighty dead,
Within thy precincts I in reverence bow:
To whom I know not: yet I feel somehow
Dark shapes around me and with awe I tread.
Nave, transept, chapels, corridors and choir
All speak to me of ages that are gone;
Above thy cloisters—on the close-cropped lawn—
I fancy monks still pacing with religious fire;
The chapter house yet eloquent resounds
And echoes with the Voices of the Past:
Listen! while Hampden with a deathless blast
Warns tyrants back within their castles and bounds.
Most noble pile! long mayst thou hallowed be!
Science and art owe countless debts to thee.

2. Here in their last and never-ending sleep—
Careless alike of praise or blame they lie;
Wellington dreamless that he cannot die;
Nelson still driving on unconquered deep.
Hush! is this Gladstone? And can that be Disraeli?
Alas how silent! they have fought their fight:
So too has Wilberforce whose fervent might
Struck chains from slaves and set some knaves at
Beneath each pile where even whispers jar, [large.
Preachers and scientists at peace repose;
And here and there dim effigies disclose
Statesmen and soldiers done at last with war;
While on the sombre walls and foot-worn floor
Legends in brass and stone great deaths deplore.

3. Newton and Jenner, Stephenson and Wren,
Are waiting breathless for the trump to sound;
Together Lind and Nightingale are found
Ready to prove their sex the peers of men;
Here slumbers Garrick from the footlights freed;
There Bunyan tarries at the narrow gate;
Darwin, grown weary, is content to wait
And leave to others what seemed his decreed;
Handel is silent and no longer writes
The wondrous paeans that the Angels raise;
The hand of Reynolds that won world-wide praise
Here lies inert unmoved by fancy's flights:
On every side names common as the air
Arrest the vision and abashed we stare.

4. In poet's corner with touched heart I pause:
(For poets win our tears if any do)
And first appropriately bursts to view
The actor-bard whose words are now our laws—
The gentle Shakespeare of all poets chief;
Near by a bust of Burns—he who at plough
Proclaimed that men were men—obtains my bow,
A kindly soul his life was all too brief;
Byron the lord and Noll the doctor scribe,
Of Johnson and of all the world a friend;
To both, as tribute due, I gladly bend
And own the bliss I from their verse imbibe;
My wandering eyes next catch Longfellow's face
And I have learned that Fame gives each his place.

5. But hold! the verger beckons and I pay
Before the entrance to the Royal Tombs
My trifle—marvelling such ignoble dooms
Kings could befall—mere wonder to allay.
Around me now whichever way I turn
Grotesque contraptions teem with noble dust;
Imperial virtues and Imperial lust

Contained with surfeit in such grinning ease.
Here lie the Georges: there the Edwards sleep,
Destroying Angels through the Henrys creep.
All—all are dead. Yet to prolong their pomp
They now are side-showed—what an awful fall
And men charge sixpence at the vulgar stall
To those who fain mid princely homes would romp.

6 But am I churlish? Even Kings are men,
With snares surrounding that but few would flee;
That they are mortal they themselves agree;
And this great Abbey heralds forth the strain.
'Tis well—most truly well! Here let them rest—
A chill reminder that we all must die;
'Tis well too that the grave dims every eye;
Else here a motley throng would lie distressed:
Cromwell might worry Charles; and Mary's eye
Might look reproachfully at good Queen Bess;
But they are dead. At worst they are not less.
Prince, priest or plowman each demand our sigh:
Though high their virtue or deep dyed their sin:
This touch of nature makes us all akin.

7 Thou venerable tomb of Britain's mighty dead;
Within thy precincts I in reverence bow;
To whom I know not: yet I feel somehow
God's nearer presence and with awe I tread.
Nave, transepts, chapels, corridors and choir
All speak to me of ages that are gone;
About thy cloisters—on the choir-cropped lawn—
I fancy monks still pacing with religious fire;
Thy chapter house yet eloquent resounds
And echoes with the Voices of the Past:
Listen! while Hampden with a deathless blast
Is telling tyrants of their metes and bounds.
Most hallowed pile! Long mayst thou hallowed be!
The wide, wide Earth—aye Heaven—owe debts to thee.

TO EDWIN H. LEMARE, ORGANIST,

Of St. Margaret's church, Westminster, where the members of Britain's Parliament are supposed to attend.

I chanced within St. Margaret's yesternight,
  A stranger saddened by the ills of life;
  A fugitive from self and inward strife;
But proving even there a futile flight;
When lo! the holy house grew great with song;
  And angels' voices broke upon my ear;
  And I forgot that I was lone and drear,
And soared triumphant over every wrong.
And as I listened to the magic strain
  That filled and thrilled me with reviving hope,
  What late seemed weakness with expanding scope
Was now a power that made all barriers vain.
Thus recreated in impulsive prayer,
I thanked the Eternal for thy art, Lemare.

GLASGOW UNIVERSITY.

Upon proud eminence, a stately pile,
  The university of Glasgow stands,
  And in its majesty a view commands
Of many a crowded—many a storied mile.
Fair Wisdom's feet to lave, close by its base,
  The winding Kelvin babbles as it falls;
  While on the further bank Art's treasury halls
On lower level own their lower place.
Above mere din—above the sad turmoil
  Of those who battle but for daily bread,
  Sits Learning's seat, like crown on kingly head—
On summit only reached by nobler toil.
Most graceful symbol! object lesson grand!
Urge still to higher heights my father's land!

ON TARA AT SUNRISE.

"As I left Castleboy cottage my feet had a spring to it that vied with the spring obtained a few nights previous from Father McGuire's grog. The kindness of this widow woman had put me once more into communion with myself. I even felt poetical. And as I walked along the profile of Tara—the most sacred spot in all Ireland—the realization of the privilege I was enjoying quite interested me, and jumping over the hedge that skirted the roadside to be out of sight of passersby, I sat on a knoll just as the sun was rising and composed the following sonnets."—(Notes of a Tramp thro' Ireland.)

Once on a time, in ages long since sped,
  Upon this heights a royal palace stood;
  While all around for many a storied rood
Ireland united knew a peace now fled.
'Twas here St. Patrick faced a heathen race
  And fearless won for Christ a warring land;
  Till, careless of the laws he thoughtful planned,
The very church then nurtured now yields place.
Here, where a capitol, in war or peace
  For wisdom was the wonder of the world;—
  Where Learning's flag was dauntlessly unfurled
Till Erin wore the crown once worn by Greece;
Now Ignorance prevails and but the few,
Can claim the laurels to the student due.

But see; across the bright the morning sun,
  A harbinger of hope sheds rays around;
  The long night's shadows leave each moss-topped mound;
Now sheen is gathered on deserted throne.
The Stone of Destiny looks bright once more;
  St. Patrick's well no longer seems with blood;
  The kingly chair—the trenches and the wood,
The grass—has ceased to tell of human gore.
A brighter day approaches and again
  The Hall of Tara half resumes its state;
  Nature grown grateful now opposes Fate

And seeks to overcome Ruadan's* ban.
God make this sun prophetic of Thy smile
Soon to resparkle o'er the Emerald Isle.

*It is claimed that the desertion and final ruin of Tara Hall was due to an ecclesiastic named Saint Ruadan who cursed the hill for some personal affront received from its occupants.

MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS

TO MY ONLY SISTER.

My dear old Sis, who through life's fleeting years
  I've learned to love as I have loved but few:
  Accept this little tribute as a due—
Glad offered—for the worth that so endears.
In childhood often have I crossed your path:
  Too well I can recall each boyish prank—
  Each dubious action that should give me rank
With those who merit not your love—but wrath!
Yet spite of all I ever prove you kind;
  When others fail me you are still my friend;
Your great big heart to many faults quite blind,
  Full credit gives when I may but intend.
I knew no mother—but I've found in you
The compensation of a sister true.

ANNIE BESANT, THE ORATOR.

Of all the speakers I have ever met,
  None have I looked on with such high esteem
  As Annie Besant; she could quite redeem
Her sex to me from being things men pet:
Her voice was music from Apollo's lyre;
  And every word she uttered fell like gold,
  Rich with great thoughts expressed: while thoughts
    unsold
Seemed to surround each pause and lend it fire.
Years upon years of misrepute and care
Had scored her forehead and had blanched her hair;
But as she warmed to what she had to say—
  Ennobled by her sentiments divine—
  Her eyes bright glistened; and a flush like wine
Made her grow lovely as the dawning day.

HOME.

Now that I know the pleasure of a home—
  One of my own with worldly cares shut out;
Where only she I love and I may come,
  And where in bliss we dwell devoid of doubt:
Now that I feel the atmosphere of love
  So pure, so sweet, so comfortably warm,
  Surrounding our retreat and lending charm
That gives it likeness to the home above:
I would not change my state were all the gold
  Of Croesus offered that it might be bought:
'Twould seem like sacrilege to even hold
  A moment's parley with so base a thought.
The wide, wide world has not a mansion fair
To tempt me from the cot she deigns to share.

THE ONE I LOVE.

The one I love—Oh holy, happy thought!
  Oh balm of Gilead for each petty ill!
  What rapture or ecstatic throe can thrill
Like to the rapture from these accents caught?
The one I love—the one I live to please—
  The one whose smile dispels my darkest gloom;
  Whose wish makes darcalde the direst doom,
And transforms hardship to a life of ease—
This one I love is why, when troubles come,
  And all the world seems but a cage of strife,
When fellows slight me and fond friends grow dumb,
  I still have reason to be glad of life;
Sahara's desert must Elysium prove,
If in its confines lives "the one I love."

LIFE.

Life is all a sleep and Death the grand awaking;
Our little night of dreams is but a speck in time;
The pains, the aches, the griefs, the mares that set us quaking—
Will be the sad, sweet tones in morning's merry chime.
Our souls but tarry here to rest awhile from winging;
Darkness and mist and fog succeed each glorious day;
But from the sleep of Life, while funeral bells are ringing,
They'll wake to toils divine, and leave their cots of clay.
Eternal is the "I" and flesh is merely dressing—
A gown the "I" puts on for cover during sleep;
Misfits and shoddy cloth some sleepers are distressing,
Yet 'tis for but one night the tortured "I" need weep.
For when the night is o'er and day is breaking,
We'll all arise renewed by Death's awaking.

DEATH.

Oh Death! Thou Great Unknown; Thou Open Door
Beyond whose threshold Darkness reigns supreme;
Thou Cave of Silence; thou cold, black Stream;
Thou trackless Ocean that no sails explore;
Thou rushing Whirlwind that around us blows;
Thou distant Rumbling that will never end;
To life the Fiercest Foe—the Dearest Friend;
Thou Sleep Eternal of unmixed repose;
Pacific's billows have their rocky bound;
White Alpine summits we can see at whiles;
Sahara's desert is described in miles;—
E'en Heaven's azure may not long confound,
But Thou art Limitless. I love thee Death!
Thy matchless power compels my perfect faith.

SYMPATHY.

Fair floweret, blooming where no gardener strays
  The one pure spark that makes mankind divine,
  The pearl that is not thrown away on swine,
Sweet Sympathy, inspirer of immortal lays!
Thou touch of nature that proves all earth kin,
  That urges poets sing the daisy's praise,
  That points the sluggard to the ant's wise ways
And whispers to the sportsman: "this is sin;"
Make thou thy home within my warming breast;
  Teach me to love my neighbor as myself;
I fain would do, with greater, truer zest,
  The deeds that are not bought with vulgar pelf:
Be thou my guide when shame-tossed brothers cry,
That I may share the load that makes them sigh.

SOLITUDE.

My ministering angel Solitude;
  To whose soft arms in every cross I fly;
  Who, with thy silent sympathetic eye
Can soothe—can calm my fiercest ache or mood;
Thou art my mistress true—my soul of glee—
  With thee I languish in ecstatic throe;
  With thee I share the sweetest joys I know;
And none can satisfy my heart like thee;
Thou art my mother; on thy gentle breast
I lie in perfect everlasting rest;
Outside the world may jar and fret and stray—
But all its wrangle seems so far away,
When I'm with thee, I would not have it cease;
For it is then a lullaby of peace.

MOCK MODESTY.

Begone Mock Modesty! I hate thy sight.
Get thee behind me to thy father's arms.
Let Satan fold thee with thy sickly charms
Close to his breast. Away incestuous sprite!
Thy lurid hue real modesty has dimmed;
Thy syphilitic wave spread odor on the wind,
And thy pretense 'tis sweet guile wrinkling mind,
Till straight the fool thy manifest length has hymned
Get thee behind me; thou shalt never hear
Me sing thy praises when I know thee foul;
I've seen too many by thy hidden dirt
Into the grave of fallen truth depart.
Let innocence beware such hypocrite ghoul:
Mock Modesty the path to hell swoops clear.

CRUELTY.

Oh God! how vile a thing is ingrate man,
That crushes timid violet under foot,
And plucks the scented daisy by the root,
And rubs from budding rose its little span
Of life. How heartless must he be who can,
With cruel unrelenting eye and aim,
Intend the vengeful of the field to maim,
That he may boast his skill to sportive clan.
And yet 'tis done with heedless hue and cry;
No conscience chides a sport in search of game;
Men shed the bloom of flowers unwittingly—
Nor dream that they are guilty or to blame.
While he who rails at these can cause the sigh
Of those he dearly loves, yet feel no shame.

REMORSE.

Dead! Is he dead? Oh heavy, heavy blow!
That leaves me helpless on an ocean vast;
And mocks my torture to redeem the past:
And steeps my soul in bitter galling woe.
Why was I blind? My foolish fault was plain;
But pride, the serpent, poised my upturned nose,
And urged me on the sinful path I chose,
Though every step stabbed through and through his brain.
And now he's dead. And though heart's blood I sweat;
Though out my soul is poured in guilty tears;
Hollow—aye useless—is each late regret:
The changeless past must haunt all future years.
Oh spectre grim! Henceforth on duty's course,
Thou sure wilt keep my straying feet—Remorse.

POVERTY.

Grim Poverty,—and yet methinks not grim;
Cruel and yet not cruel after all—
Since He who, loving, views the sparrow's fall,
With Poverty renews my virtue's vim.
Grim Poverty! experience calls thee grim?
And shudders when it sees the haggard eye
That eloquently speaks a living lie,
And calls what God thought best—a cruel whim.
But after all despite the threadbare coat;
Despite the unshorn head—the pallid brow—
Behold the downcast look and you will note
That vanity has fled despondence slough;
While fruits like sympathy and prudence wise
Prove Poverty a blessing in disguise.

TRAVEL.

Travel, thou Alma Mater, in whose school
We learn the dearest lessons of our life;
Whose influence gives breadth to bigot fool;
And makes the wit as sharp as cobbler's knife.
The youthful mind attracted by thy smile
Expands the more—the more it sees of thee;
While sober age finds in thy door the key
To solace from life's worry, work, and wile;
Thou art Nirvana when we're crazed with care;
Thy changing scene plays havoc with despair;
Upon thy stage, whose curtain never falls
Until dark Death the watcher's eye enthralls,
We view the world that God to man has given—
That world which soon we're left to leave for heaven.

ODYSSEUS.

Odysseus, famous child of dreamer's brain,
My aim personified in thee I find;
Like thee I'd fain to threatening fates be blind
And for thy laurels I'd endure all pain.
Beside thy honors wealth is but a glare
Outshining conscience and enhancing vice:
Since he who thinks vain gold the highest choice
Becomes its slave and shuns a hero's care.
Loved wanderer! Thou man of many woes!
Whom poet's hope conceived and set on foot
To conquer after long and strange pursuit
The ills that man had thought o'erwhelming foes:
When on my bed of death I view my past,
May retrospect like thine be mine at last.

HEROISM.

The hero soul is not so much the man,
  Who preaches courage till its need has come,
  And then fear palsied, stands inert and dumb,
Till golden opportunity grows wan:
Nor yet is he true hero who by chance,
  Nor choice, fills up the bloody yawning gap:
  And who would fain have fled the fearful trap
Had Fate been kind and warned him with a glance:
But when we meet a man of modest power
  Who knows 'tis danger that he reckless braves,
  Yet takes no thought of death or after gain
But plunges in, one object to attain,
  And as a Saviour breasts tempestuous waves,—
We've met a hero in that crowded hour.

LOVE.

We use the name of Love to suit mere whim—
  Sometimes we mean Desire—oft Fascination;
  Respect perhaps; Esteem—or Admiration;
E'en Reverence in the guise of Love we hymn:
Such whims are idle. Love should not be called
  For thoughts so small—so limited in reach:
  If these were all combined we then might teach
The combination to be Love enthralled.
True Love is free. The wide surrounding skies
  Cannot confine this heaven-engendered power:
Yet if they pay its price—self sacrifice—
The sad, the gay, may gain it in a day:
  While men may prove they love within that hour
That they can bless what has despised their sighs.

FORGIVEN.

A load was lifted from my aching heart;
  Where all seemed dark new light began to shine:
  Aromas that I could not half define
Around me gathered and healed *every* smart.
She I had loved but who had since grown cold,
  For what I know not, yet I was to blame:
  In dreams unbidden to my bedside came
And once again love's tender story told.
I did not speak? I only held her tight;
  I *dared not* trust my ecstacy to words;
  The mount of ice—the wall of bristling swords—
That had grown up between had vanished quite:
And as I heard her breathe "Forgiven,"
I knew the rapture of the Christian's heaven.

PATRIOTISM.

Thou weather talk of politicians [Hail!
  Thou never failing cloak for statesman's wiles;
  Thou bane of eloquence that hides dark spoils;
Great Patriotism! attend the muse's wail:
So often art thou sung in crowded mart
  The grand excuse of bloody, grasping crime;
  That now thy name, once sweet as vesper chime
Is warning sound to watch for hidden dart.
(I have grown chary of the patriot's zeal;
Nor can I quite determine if his soul
  Since clothed so oft in demagogic dress)
One test of whether we are home's true friend,
And really eager all its ills to end,
  Is: Do we help our neighbor in distress?

SCIENCE.

Stand Science! Be not over bold and vain;
We owe thee praises but not all our praise,
We own that but for thee our dragging days
Would still be spent in caves along the main.
We own that by thy aid our years yet few
Are multiplied in deeds if not in hours;
That now by hints from thee our human powers
Grow Godlike, and we rise to higher view:
But if we owe thee this we still have cause
To fear the sweeping inroad of thy laws;
And though thy truths have dimmed the spirit fires
That thrilled the breasts of Mudgeon wielding sires;
Yet matter is not all, and back we turn
Glad that the spirit fires still dare to burn.

TRUTH.

Truth! thou art vague, and must we say unreal,
When we look at thee with our human eyes,
Through prejudices born of friendship's ties,
And all the colors that before us steal;
And yet we love thee. When we see thy shade
We recognize in it great heaven's sign;
And that thou art the weapon most divine
With which the foes of progress low are laid.
We fain would have thee parted from the dross
That claims thy kinship as its right to life,
Yet with that life would wield the ingrate knife
And nail its boasted kinsman on a cross.
Dawn, Truth! triumphant over every evil;
Reveal thyself and shame usurping Devil.

HISTORY.

History, to thee we bow our bridled knee;
Thou art so true—inexorable—just.
Thou hast no appetite—and if one lust;
It is the fall of empires to decree.
Stranger than fiction, o'er thy teeming page
While yet unnoticed our young eyes have pored,
Imbibing thoughts with which the tale is stored
Of righteous hope to feed our thirsting age.
Thou telescope through which a mortal eye
May peer and see the future plainly bared;
Thou patriot's armory, where we espy
Pride-scaling daggers and the deeds they dared;
With reverence we hail thy frosted youth,
And love thee, History, as man's test of truth.

CONSISTENCY.

Consistency. We said thou art a jewel.
I doubt it for I've failed to see thy shine.
Thou hast no flashes of the diamond here;
The opal's changing hues near thee are cruel.
Thou art more truly called a monument—
A picture of the unprogressive past—
A landmark—or historical contrast—
But not a jewel; thus name I most truest.
Consistent men are men who in their youth
Make childish vows and keep them until death;
Who close their eyes to glorious dawning truth
And laud old follies with their latest breath:
Men who mount each day from high to higher;
Must burn themselves on the dead past's pyre.

FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship! true test of honest human worth—
  Not found in heaven for heaven cements with Love—
  And yet conceived and nurtured from above;
Thou art a precious gift from heaven to earth
The common prize of life's Olympic game;
  Who do the greatest feats get most of thee:
  But woe to him, poor wretch, who finds no key
To luck—since lack of thee steeps deep in shame
E'en he who wins thee is not all secure;
  For when he thinks he has thee by the hip,
  And careless grows, the prize begins to slip,
Till when quite gone no feat again can lure.
And if once lost, the lover, doubly dear,
Groans 'neath his loss and groaning proves thee dear.

ODD FELLOWSHIP.

We've been in darkness and we've been in chains;
  We've viewed together what our end shall be:
  We've learned the lesson of mortality;
And age has taught us what are life's true gains.
We've seen how merit causes envious wrath;
  And how occasion oft calls forth a friend;
  Who sometimes chooses by a shaft to send
The word that warns us out of danger's path.
Ah yes! And sometimes have we been assailed,
  And even worsted in unequal strife,
  Till left with nothing but a wasting life
A real friend succored after false friends failed.
And thus as brothers by three links uncouth
We're bound in Friendship and in Love and Truth.

LET US HAVE UNLIMITED ARBITRATION.

(Roosevelt to the contrary notwithstanding.)

Shall arbitration take the place of war?
  Yes surely, if we value human life.
  If civilization would abolish strife,
We must perforce the battle field abhor.
To ask such question is to place in doubt
  The well gained certainty that strife is crime;
  Even the duellist is behind the Time.
And all his talk of "honor" Christians flout.
A nation's honor has no special plea;
  Indeed 'tis wanting if maintained by might.
The noblest nation has most chivalry;
  And gives to weaker nations every right.
That cause is just that fails of war to prate
But offers boldly, "Let us Arbitrate."

THE MIRACLE OF BIRTH.

Now she is great with child. Was ever thought
  So full of promise, yet so full of dread?
  The very rays that round about are shed
Become the daggers that with fear are fraught.
Think of the pleasure of a baby sweet
  Calling me parent and by me made glad;
  Mine in the image—be it good or bad—
To guide in conquest where I met defeat.
Think, too, the chances that to give it birth,
  One who is dearer than a thousand such
  Will take, yet taking does it very much
As though in sacrifice to greater worth:
I dare not utter what my hopes dictate
Lest in the utterance I am foiled by Fate.

SHALL THE MOTHERS VOTE?

God bless mankind's mothers and strengthen their hand;
May their wishes be law throughout our wide land;
For services rendered and selflessness shown:
There's naught we can do that can ever atone.
God bless mankind's mothers and give them their due;
And everything else for which they may sue:
There are numberless actions of mercy and love
Uncredited to them truth ventures to prove.
God bless mankind's mothers and offer them fair—
Nor cheapen our praises with hot blatant air:
If they ask for the vote they know what is best
It should be man's pleasure to grant their request.
If ever a class has earned suffrage's right:
Our mothers have earned it ere we saw the light.

THE HAGUE TRIBUNAL

The Hague tribunal, though but weakling now,
And far from perfect as it yet shall be;
Is still the prototype, we'll soon agree
Of that great Court where heavenly suitors bow.
Before its bar world troubles will be tried
Of such importance, that the nations all
Will breathless wait to hear the judgment fall;
And e'en the loser will forget his pride
Its fiat shall go forth established law—
And every land shall straightway back it up—
One nation's honor shall not weigh a straw
If the Tribunal rules to "drink the cup."
And as the Court takes form, lo, war shall cease
And Earth shall live in UNIVERSAL PEACE.

THE WORLD IS MY COUNTRY, TO DO GOOD IS MY RELIGION.

(1)

The world is my country and proudly I sing
  The praises that to it I owe. It is right
  That I boast of its limitless size and might,
Since proof of these boasts it is needless to bring.
No other fair land, wheresoever it be,
  Can compare with mine for its beauty and sheen;
  For its wonderful verdure—its various scene—
Its wealth stored in mine, meadow, forest and sea.
My countrymen, too, the most numerous are;
  And of enemies really I have not got one;
  For I have a privilege none may defeat
  Of calling my brother all under the sun.
So why, as world citizen, should I not feel
The broadest, the noblest of patriot's zeal

(2)

To do good is my religion. This I profess
  Without being conscious of any schism or creed:
  My hope's not based on my belief but on my deed,
My pleasure is gauged by the numbers I can bless.
When differing zealots fill their land with strife
  And preaching peace go forth in bloody war;
  I ask no questions but in stealth deplore,
And seek to save the unprotected life.
I tolerate each shade of thought and thank the skies
  That men have varying thoughts of what surrounds;
  It should please all that in the world variety abounds:—
As from the sum of all such thought we may grow wise.
The golden rule is still my guide in weal or woe;
And over all life's shams love's veil I throw.

UP IN AN AEROPLANE.

(1)

Up in an aeroplane, piercing the sky:
  Riding the cloudlets and diving through space;
  Braving the hurricane's maddening chase:
As higher, up higher I eagerly fly.

Up in an aeroplane, leaving below
  All of life's care and its sin and its shame;
  No one to question me, no one to blame;
Here I am free from the world and its woe.

Up in an aeroplane, high o'er the throng;
  Vying with larks in my untrammelled flight;
  Gliding on moonbeams into the night—
Soaring aloft on a billow of song.

Up in an aeroplane, birdman on wing,
Who will deny me the right thus to sing?

(2)

Up in an aeroplane conquering fate
  Laughing in earnest at Darius Green—
  He who first tried out the flying machine—
Showing him how he might catch up to date.

Up in an aeroplane, searching death's lair;
  Coasting the rainbows, encircling the stars;
  Coquetting with Venus—sparring with Mars;
Scaling grim heights of unlimited air.

Up in an aeroplane, what can annoy:
  With freedom to make even freedom more free:
  And just risk enough to add spice to the glee:
What is there, pray, to belittle my joy?

Up in an aeroplane, birdman on wing:
Who will deny me the right thus to sing?

TO FRANCIS ANGEVINE CURRIE

(Alias "The Boomer" alias my son and heir.)

They tell me, youngster, that you look like me,
  And in the telling I am flattered quite;
  And yet I recognize that they are right:
For as I'm seen, myself in you I see.
But I am hoping that away within
  The likeness lessens and you are yourself—
  An ego struggling, spite of blood or pelf
Or other drawback, your own spurs to win.
Distinct, original, complete, alone,
  I'd have you battle for your worldly place—
  Carve out a future that will quite atone
For what your dreamy father failed to trace.
Live nobly ever—be life short or long:
Be kind, keep pure, and what you build, build strong.

TO MY BABY DAUGHTER

Dear little namesake of Shakespearean maid:
  Margaret Imogen, bud of love and hope:
  Whose coming gave me heart and power to cope
With foes unyielding that no longer jade.
Renewed in morals by thy coming too,
  I feel the call to set example fair;
  So that my precept may be more than air,
And, as you prove it, keep you pure and true.
Shy little damsel may your shyness still
  Guard your sweet innocence while life shall last:
  May modesty enshrined hold harm aghast
And give you passport where your love may will.
And when you're gathered to the life to come
May tears of those you've helped keep green your tomb.

TO RICHARD CURRIE CHILLINGWORTH.

(This Sonnet is inscribed in consideration of being made my namesake.)

Bright little wanderer from the starry sky,
  Who fell upon us in the dead of night,
  To conquer, captivate and charm us quite,
And make us ponder of your home on high;
Would that we could upon this earthly plane
  Still keep you pure and innocent as now;—
  Free from the cares that score the ageing brow;
And ever ready to grace heaven again.
But earth is earth, and so we cannot hope
  To hold you as you now are free from guile;
  We can but labor to deserve your smile,
And teach you how you best with foes may cope.
Then if it chances you win spurs and fame
We'll share the laurels of your honored name.

ASSASSINATION OF McKINLEY.

The Major gone! Our President laid low!
  Martyred to freedom in this freeman's land!
  Slain by a weapon in a weakling's hand,
While a whole nation mourns in mighty woe.

Dead! but still living in his people's hearts;
  Still quick and active in the laws he planned;
Living in echoes from empowered marts—
  From homes made happy by his guiding hand.

Yes, though we've placed him in the silent tomb
  To wander listless through the realms of night;
His voice, still resonant, defies such doom;—
  Hark! Hear it calling in the cause of Right.
Though envious error took our country's head,
We'll long owe homage to McKinley dead.

TO MY MISTRESS' EYEBROW.

With all due thanks to Shakespeare for suggesting a subject. This sonnet is an acrostic to the lady in whose honor it is written.

Blessed the man who in life's fleeting span
E'en once may see brows delicate as thine:
All ills forgot in that inspiring wine
The skies wax lovely since their sweep shows plain
Rainbows assume new beauty to the gaze:—
In such soft arch a glimpse of thee is seen:
Could struggling artist, on his "Heaven's Queen,"
Engraft thy lashes, he might live always.
Can man then marvel that I now profess
A pleasure boundless as the rolling sea,
In gazing, while I may quite greedily,
Right at bright vision that might many bless.
No—naught in nature could refuse such glance:
Such pencilled curves would make a Saturn dance.

LILY AND THE ANGEL

LILY AND THE ANGEL.

AN ALLEGORY.

Once on a time, many ages ago,
There lived in this world of ours a unique race;
Not gods—not fairies—but as wonderful;
Possessed of great beauty and strength, yet slaves—
Weak slaves to their own pleasures and passions.
They had many divine powers, but alas,
Nothing has survived of them save names—vain
Spectral names—to tell of long gone glory.
Still the objects to which these names are given
Suggest to us—somewhat vaguely 'tis true—
The attributes of those who used to bear them.

EARTH IMPRISONED BY WINTER.

Among this race, as introduced, there lived
A young and beautiful princess, named Earth;
And this lovely lady, tradition says,
Was once imprisoned by one called Winter.
Winter, although old and hoary-headed,
Was a tyrant cold as he was cruel;
And Earth was bound hand and foot before him
Because, forsooth, she had shunned his approach
And had scorned his impotent advances.
But happily, in all times innocency
Has ever had admirers—not only
Among low creatures of lust but also
Among those who are high and virtuous—
And so while fair Earth was in durance vile,
There came to the neighborhood a gallant
Young noble, handsome and courageous.
His name was Spring, a son of one—King Sol—
The most powerful monarch of those times;

And being the very flower of chivalry,
He no sooner heard of Earth's sorry plight
Than he determined to be her champion.
He could not see her whom he would rescue,
(For the jealous old churl had concealed her)
But he could hear her sighs and her moanings,
And distress never fails to excite the brave.

EARTH BECAME THE BRIDE OF SPRING.

Then it was Winter was assailed by Spring
And at length forced to flee in disorder;
Leaving within his now ruined castle
Princess Earth as the prize of the victor.
When the maiden beheld her deliverer
She was grateful as freed maiden might be;
While Spring newly seeing her beauty, in turn
Became a captive, for first love's ardor
Is a chain binding loved one and lover
Together, and, if the love is returned,
Such a chain as enfetters forever.
This was the case with Spring; and his captor,
Sweet Earth, listened with no unwilling ear
To words that made both lives happy. At last,
In the fullness of time, when, as always,
True love had increased the wooer's courage
And made the wood more lovely, they were wed.
It is needless to tell the rejoicing,
Congratulations, feastings and pleasure,
That the wide, wide realm indulged when its prince
Led his well won bride to the nuptial bower;
Nor need we tell of the blessings then showered
Upon the distinguished pair. All—all joined
In wishing them Godspeed. The very birds
And the flowers and the brooks and the meadows
Scattered music and fragrance about them.

THE BIRTH OF LILY, PANSY AND ROSE.

It was of this union, tradition says,
Three daughters were born at one birth—Lily,
Pansy and Rose—as like as babes could be,
And as fair as their beautiful mother.
Their early life, as might be imagined,
Was one long, sunny day. On every hand
They were praised both for their birth and beauty;
Whatever they desired was given to them;
While courtiers studied to arouse new whims
That they might thus have greater power to please.
So the years passed and, as their childhood fled,
Pursued by dainty girlhood's halcyon days,
Lovers from every clime throughout the world
Began to flock around the sisters fair
To woo and smile and win. But maids much sought
Are long impervious to the sighs of love;
And many beaux retired with heavy hearts
To give their luckless place to comers new.

THE WOOING OF ROSE BY SUMMER.

But Cupid never sleeps. Though long repulsed
He hides his time and gathers strength with years;
And when we laugh at tears, our foolish jest
Is oft the shaft that, spent, leaves us unarmed.
'Tis then—all wakeful—that the god of Love
With faultless aim lays low our erring pride.

Rose was the first to feel the feathery dart.
A prince called Summer, from adjacent realm,
With warm and generous impulse and a smile
So winsome that it seemed a breath from heaven,
Quite fascinated her. Yet, truth to tell,
His smile was not reserved for her alone.
(A fact perhaps that made the joy more sweet
When he at times did pay her special court.)
And as she gazed upon him day by day

Her early fascination turned to love:
And with her love she was recreated.
Hour after hour she would think of Summer;
Of his ardor and generosity;
Of the brilliance even of his anger;
Of his gay excesses; his ready vows;
His fickleness ere e'en her back was turned;
Till she loved his very faults and, girl like,
Would trace the links binding faults to virtues.

Oh, he was an ideal prince! she thought;
And, in order to attract his glances,
She became what she thought he would admire:—
Voluptuously soft—surpassing fair—
Prodigal of her charms and smiles and sighs—
Until each vagrant zephyrous wind that blew
Carried abroad some whisper of her sweets.
For a time, as Queen of every revel,
All suitors turned to court her mantling cheeks,
Her dreamy eyes, her crimson lips, her chin
Absolute among its dimples, her curls
Hiding behind their golden veil a neck
White and swelling to tempestuous breasts
Where little storms of passion always raged.
And as all wooed their wooing sang her praise.
Prince Summer, with the rest, confessed her Queen
And sought the charms she was so glad to yield;
Till with his tight embraces and his kiss,
In very ecstacy, she ofttimes swooned.

But love unchecked soon burns itself to naught;
A few short fleeting months and Summer tired
And left Rose drooping with her graces gone;
For on the waves of passion that he raised
Were borne away the beauties he admired;
Within each clinging kiss her soul escaped,
Her gushing life-blood oozed with every sigh.

A wreck, still loving to the very last,
She longed and pined and hoped he might return:
But woe, alas, no single charm was left
That she might flaunt to bring him back again.
With reckless prodigality of love
She had forgot to guard against such chance;
So when deserted she could naught but—die.

THE WOOING OF PANSY BY AUTUMN.

About the time when Rose was at her best,
Miss Pansy met a prince who waked her love.
His name was Autumn; and he too had come
A suitor to the court for beauty famed.
He was of dignified and stately mould;
His noble aspect won respect from all;
Learning was written on his ample brow;
While in his every act high birth appeared.
He knew his worth and held himself aloof—
Nor joined the noisy revel of the court.
His careful conduct thus conspicuous grew
And soon attracted Pansy to his claims.
And as she daily scanned his measured mien
Within her breast a secret pleasure dawned,
And she would think for hours about his glance;
His studied smile came to her in her dreams;
She saw that he was cold to outward view—
She saw—and knew 'twas pride that made him cold—
But yet his very pride was so select,
She signed to herself 'twas pride she loved.
Around it all ideal virtues bloomed;
Within his eye she fancied hidden truth;
His very silence proved him wisdom's fount;
His coldness seemed to tell of lasting love.

And so while gushing Rose dispensed her sweets
With lavish recklessness on all who came;
Maid modest Pansy, like her prince, waxed proud

And masked her beauties from the common crowd.
Yet in her girlish heart love's ardor glowed
Perhaps more fiercely since it was restrained.
(Confined affection like a furnace burns,
And more intensely burns the more confined.)
But stately Autumn only knew its strength
When he at length relaxed his stately pride
And at her feet like earnest lover wooed
And vowed his preference for her dainty charms.

When they were wed dark Pansy went to live
With Autumn in his rich ancestral halls;
And for a time her woman's heart was glad
With conquest of a prince so great and grand.
But time flew by, as time is wont to fly
When we are happy that our goal is gained,
Till now it seemed to Pansy Autumn changed—
(Or else 'twas she herself; she was not sure.)
At all events his dignity increased
The stateliness that once had been her joy
Grew more impenetrable; all her art
(Which was not much, for she was also proud)
Quite failed to thaw his everlasting frost.
A woman's life is nothing without love,
Aye more than nothing—'tis an aching void.
She hungers for the smile—the gentle word—
The accent whispering that she is approved—
And when it comes not, lo the past seems sham,
The present mocks her and the future palls.
Love—tender love—is woman's one success,
Take that away and she has failed indeed.

So Pansy found and yet she would not show
The canker gnawing at her inmost heart.
And thus estranged and lone she drooped and died
And like her sister filled an unkept grave.

Now only Lily lived; her parents' babe—
The last attraction of a once gay court.
Her sisters in their day had seemed to lead.
Fair Rose's beauty and dark Fanny's grace
Had flashed and hidden Lily's modest charms;
While she herself had yielded to their lead
And paid them tribute as of higher worth.
She loved them both so dearly that her care
Was ever to enhance their happy lot;
'Twas Rose or Fanny that was wooed—not she;
She always claimed the suitors bowed to them;
And in her quiet way she did her best
To make their claims more pleasing than her own;
Till to the thoughtless throng, it really seemed
That what meek Lily said indeed was true.
And yet she was not wholly unbefriended.
In fact, the truest homage came to her.
Had she so wished she might have all outdone
And been the sun 'round which the whole court moved.
But she was fair in heart as well as form;
Her love of virtue was for virtue's sake;
Her generous impulse had no selfish spur—
Nor was her modesty the bloom of pride.

She in her early girlhood once had seen,
While gazing awestruck into heaven's blue,
The vision of an angel white and pure,
Whose every movement had a holy grace.
'Twas then, that as she saw his tender eyes,
His golden curls, his flowing spotless garb,
Her childish heart first opened and she felt
A waking wonder if he came for her.
But even as she hoped the vision passed
Into the heavens and left her wondering.
Had she been sleeping? Was it all a dream?
Who was the stranger with the tender eye?

How came he yonder? Was he really there?
These were the questions that had her confused
As still she peered into th' eternal dome
Expectant. But the azure depths of sky
Baffled her hopes by their unchanging hue;
And she at length was forced to leave the place.
But as she did she went a new made girl;
Days, weeks and months passed by but ever fresh
Within her heart was fixed that heavenly form.
And as she since had done her daily tasks
She often felt that vision looking down
And would look quickly up in confidence
To catch again the halo of that glance.
Thus was she kept exempt from many a sin;
For with her recollection of that form
With all its white perfection in her mind,
Pride could not gain an entrance to her soul;
And without Pride or follies born of Pride
Nothing exists that is not true and good.

One day having made a great sacrifice
In order to please one of her sisters,
And having met reboff for her kind act,
She stole away into a quiet part
Of the court garden to have a good cry.
It was while the salt tears were trickling down,
And she was sore at heart, that she looked up:
And behold! she saw the Angel. This time
He was nearer to her. His radiant form
Seemed transparent it was so clean and holy;
And as he turned toward her the dark clouds
That had been hovering above broke clear
Into a thousand white fleecy wool packs,
And through the gilt edge fissures burst the sun—
For in the Angel's countenance was enshrined
Beneficence ineffable. He smiled,

As Lily stretched her fevered hands toward him,
And seemed to hesitate as though to speak,
Before he slowly vanished from her sight.

This second coming was the certain proof
That her vision was no idle dreaming.
Lily went from the spot re-sanctified
With even firmer purpose in her life.
She felt purified by but the vision
Of one so pure, and only purity
Of a high order could win her respect.
Summer and Autumn and all the others
Suffered beside the graces of The Angel.
And hence Lily, though she grew more lovely
And loveable, remained free and beautiful.
Yet not quite free; for in her heart of heart—
Too sacred to be even put in words—
Was a trembling hope that perhaps some day—
Some happy day far, far ahead—she might
Become worthy of even The Angel.
Six years slipped by. Her sisters passed away
But still a virgin Lily went about
Doing good. Many times she caught glimpses
Of her ideal, gathering strength thereby.
'Twas this very strength, this growing virtue,
That was her never-failing attraction.
Many hearts sighed in secret for her love
As she sighed for the love of The Angel;
But restrained by their inferior life
There were none who dared brook her rejection.

But earnest faithful hearts reap their reward.
Long years of silent selfless love speak loud.
The Angel, who had watched her, saw her rise
Above the passions of her lower sphere;
He saw her grow more lovely day by day;
Her fragrance reached him even in the sky.

Until at last his heart was also touched
And he made vow to woo her up on high.
So when again within the garden fair
Sweet Lily walked with constant upturned gaze
He stood revealed so close that she might hear
The rustle of his garment as he breathed.
The pleasure of his nearness was so great
She fell adoring at his shining feet.
But stooping down he gently raised her up
To stand beside him as his honored peer;
Then kissed her as a seal of sainted life;
And bore her up to heaven an Angel's Bride.

LOVE SONGS

A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN.

One night while on my couch I was reclining,
  While just dozing—lightly dozing on my bed,
I was treated to a vision so refining,
  That at first I feared the sight would turn my head.
'Fore my eyes there passed along in slow succession
  All the fair ones who were famed in days of yore,
Those enchantresses and charmers whose chief mission
  Was to make proud, haughty man the sex adore.

Goddess Flora led the van bedecked with flowers,
  Which she strewed on ev'ry side along her way;
While her smiles and rosy blushes fell like showers
  And refreshed my heated brain like scented spray.
Arm in arm and tripping nimbly o'er the rosebuds,
  Came fair Diana and Euterpe on apace;
While Hygeia followed close upon their footsteps,
  As they started off for pleasure in the chase.

Quite enamored of their healthful grace and vigor,
  My senses for the moment seemed benumbed;
Till upon the scene appeared another figure,
  When my heart untouched as yet at last succumbed.
It was Venus, goddess fair of Love and Beauty,
  Who, so perfect, buxom, sonsy, coy and sweet,
Had at length my heart in earnest taken captive,
  And reduced me to a suppliant at her feet.

But alas! the siren goddess left me mourning:
  The procession of enchantment still went on,
And my wounded heart at first within me burning
  Cooled at length until it joyed that she was gone!
For with sober, stately tread came great Minerva,
  The patroness of Science and of Art,
And the smile of recognition that she gave me
  Healed completely my lacerated heart.

Well attended soon came Juno, queen of heaven,
The fair guardian of married women's bliss;
Being single, I the shoulder cold was given,
Which at first I felt inclined to take amiss.
But Erato, who delights to honor lovers,
And who sympathizes with them in their wrongs,
Happened by most opportunely, I imagined,
And sang back my peace of mind with tender songs.

Then methought that fairest Helen, Troy's perdition,
Followed hard Love's pretty minx upon the scene;
And at once I understood the fierce condition
In which Paris, Priam's son, must once have been.
And when Dido made her debut in the vision,
I could swear that by the great eternal plan
Not a mortal ever lived, except in fiction,
Who could spurn such loveliness and yet be man.

Next came Beatrice, whom Dante loved so dearly,
With Laura—Petrarch's Laura—by her side,
Till quite stricken by their sweetness I sincerely
Bemoaned with all Italia that they died.
Then Shakespeare's lovely fair ones next paraded,
And I recognized distinctly as they passed
Soft Ophelia, sweet Portia, good Cordelia,
Loving Juliet, not the least if mentioned last.

After this my doting memory seemed to wander,
Though the ladies loitered still upon the scene;
But among the last I noticed, I remember,
Was the shapely form of Burns's bonny Jean.
When, however, my Zetulba stood before me,
All my frame in liquid bliss she seemed to steep:
And the vision of fair women flitted from me,
As in ecstasy I sighed myself to sleep.

MY LOVE.

My love is like a lily fair,
  My love is like a rose;
Her breath with fragrance fills the air,
  Her manner is repose.
My love is very beautiful,
  My love is pure and sweet;
My love is very dutiful—
  Lacks naught to be complete.

Her cheeks like morning-glories,
  The glow of youth impart;
Her dimpled chin and rosy lips
  Would touch Apollo's heart;
Her smile, like smile heaven,
  Is radiant and divine,
And speaks of untold happiness
  For all who make it shine.

Her eyes, the battlements of love,
  Her weapons of defense,
Guard well that priceless jewel,
  A maiden's innocence;
Her brow so fair and noble,
  Adorns her queen-like face,
Proclaims her high above the crowd,
  And wisest of her race.

AND SO SHE'S WED.

And so she's wed. She who inspired
The purest love that ever fired
A poet's breast. Yes, she is wed;
And he is free. He who once held
With greedy eyes upon her smile
And thought her flower from heaven's veil

Yes, he is "free."—How vain are words—
"In chains" more with his state accords:
But that is not the term men use
When passion can no more enthuse.
They say they're free when hope is fled;
So he is free and she is wed.

And since he's free and she is wed,
'Tis meet his blessing should be said.
But woe! his breast is burning hell:
Upon her bliss he cannot dwell.
It is a shame since he is free.
Yet 'tis too true—for I am he.

Yes, I am he and she who's wed
Was once in ages that are fled,
My hope—the star that led me on;
In those sweet ages that are gone
I dreamed, while perfume bathed my head,
I'd be the lover that she'd wed.

But I can pray—God grant my prayer—
That he (who may her sorrows share
And by his kindness and his truth
Make age for her a second youth)
Will love her with the love here read:—
Were I not free and she not wed.

THAT IS ALL.

Only a package of letters,
  Entwined by a broken lace;
Only a bundle of fetters,
  That bind to a pretty face;
Only some tokens of friendship,
  That had warmed, with increase, into love;
Only a bliss-burdened message,
  And the web that was weaving is wove.

Only a tenderest parting,
With promises—ne'er to be filled.
Only a teardrop starting,
But ere it has fallen, chilled;
Only a misunderstanding,—
A blund'ring, cruel mistake;
And yet from pride still unbending,
Two hearts are ready to break.

BUT SHE IS MY COUSIN.

Refreshing and pure as the glistening dew drop
That rests on the lily's pale bosom at dawn,
Yet coy as Aurora when over the hilltop
She peeps, in the face of my fair Colleen Bawn.

Her eye is the brightest, all nature confesses,
And watching her glance as the light of the moon,
Like the floss of the maize are her soft silken tresses;
Her smile e'en Apollo would crave as a boon.

As lengthsome her form as the breeze-bending willow;
More graceful her movements than those of a doe;
Light-hearted and free as the foam-tossing billow;
This sweet little maiden has nowhere a peer.

In truth, of her sex she is worth quite a dozen,
A fact that one running need scarce stop to see;
And had not Fate cruelly made her my cousin,
A nearer relation she some day might be.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

I know a lovely dark-eyed girl,
With rosy cheeks and raven curl,
With juicy lips and teeth of pearl,
And dimpled chin distracting;
Whose smile sets ev'ry brain awhirl,
That comes in reach attracting.

But yet for all her pretty face,
Her lithesome form and girlish grace
They are not worth describing space,
Beside her charming manner;
While virtues in her heart have place,
That fly perfection's banner.

And this fair angel from on high
Is mine,—I know not how or why—
She yielded to each yearning sigh,
I made with vow unswerving;
And now, most blessed of mortals, I
Feel least of all deserving.

But God be praised that e'er I met
This lovely laughing-eyed brunette;
I'd die to earn her pleasure yet,
And free her from all sorrow
For her my sun shall rise and set
On ev'ry coming morrow.

THE LOVER'S FAREWELL.

Fare thee well, but not forever;
Though I cross the surging main,
Love like ours no sea can sever:
We but part to meet again.

Fare thee well, and may our parting
  Like a beacon ever burn,
Telling not of news disheart'ning,
  But of hopeful, sweet return.

Fare thee well; and when with sorrow
  Time hangs heavy o'er your head,
Think of me and that bright morrow,
  When we'll share life's shine and shade.

Fare thee well; let no foreboding
  Steep your loving heart in gloom:
With thy trust my footsteps goading,
  I can conquer any doom.

Fare thee well, but not forever;
  Though I cross the surging main,
Love like ours no sea can sever:
  We but part to meet again.

TWO DARLING LOVES.

I have two loves, two darling loves:
  My Country and my Muse;
Though other loves prove faithless loves,
  These always can enthuse.

Unlike most loves these charmers sweet
  Consent my love to share;
And I with both their charms replete
  More love to each can spare.

I've loved my country many a year—
  Which I could not but choose—
And that I might it more endear
  I vowed to woo my muse.

I wooed my muse I'm glad to tell,
And truly now confess:
Did I not love my muse so well
I'd love my country less.

I love my muse with all my heart,
For with her gentle skill,
I'm abler in my country's part
To sing her praises still.

I love my country and in dreams
Recall its beauties o'er;
For these give rise to many themes
Where with my muse I soar.

I have two loves—two darling loves:
My Country and my Muse;
Though other loves prove faithless loves
These always will enthuse.

HAPPY AT LAST.

Zetulba loves me. Doubt has flown;
At last I know she is my own.
For ere her eager lips can move,
To testify her changeless love,
A glistening eye—a glowing cheek,
Still quicker, clearer, louder speak.

Zetulba loves me. Who will deign
To say my life's now lived in vain?
Since one so dainty, trim and neat,
So pure of heart, so wise, so sweet,
In no uncertain, wavering voice,
Confesses me her only choice.

Zetulba loves me. Bliss divine!
Was ever joy to equal mine?
The conqueror's crown, the hero's prize,
May soar ambition to the skies;
But what can give the perfect rest,
I find upon Zetulba's breast.

Zetulba loves me. God, I pray,
Preserve her guileless on life's way;
May no dark tempest ever lower,
To disenchant her waking hour;
And when she sleeps, may angels sing,
And lull with dreams of endless Spring.

THE JILTED MAID'S LAMENT.

Thou pale-faced moon, whose mournful light
  Steals rayless from the cloudless sky,
List to a maiden's woeful plight,—
  For thou alone must hear my sigh.

I was not always thus forlorn;
  My days were once but rounds of joy;
Life's scented rose showed no dread thorn,
  Nor did its gems hold base alloy.

My happy heart was light and free;
  And like the birds in yonder glen,
I sang with merry, honest glee,
  Nor dreamt of care, or grief, or pain.

But soon across my pleasant path
A lover came with earnest eye,
To pledge to me undying troth,
  And steal my peace with lover's sigh.

For months upon his smile I dreamed,
  Like living act his vow appeared;
His lightest word truth's model seemed;
  His frown my inmost conscience seared.

But woe, alas! my doting heart
  Was shattered by its only pride;
For, tiring of Love's fancied dart
  My idol flitted from my side.

Afar he roamed, nor turned again
  To seek the wreck he left behind;
While I must hide the killing pain,
  Nor show my grief to human kind.

So pale-faced moon whose mournful light
  Steals rayless from the solemn sky,
Keep thou the secret of my plight,
  While void of hope I droop and die.

ZETULBA.

Zetulba, so far as this particular poem is concerned, is a purely ideal character. Her name and this poem in its entirety was suggested by the line, "My Zetulba, come reign o'er my soul," an alleged quotation from an old French song introduced by Victor Hugo into his great work, Les Miserables.

When the early morn awakens
  All that lives and hopes and loves;
When Aurora lightly beckons
  To the meadows and the groves:
Then for you, my loved Zetulba,
  Throbbings o'er my bosom roll;
And I yearn to have thee, darling,
  Reigning queen within my soul.

When the heat and glare of noonday,
Leaves the ground all cracked and dry;
And the cattle seek the shade trees;
And a haze pervades the sky;
Then—then too—my loved Zetulba,
Throbbings o'er my bosom roll:
And I yearn to have thee, darling,
Reigning queen within my soul.

When the ruddy trail of daylight,
Fast is fading in the west;
And the soft and quiet shadows
Soothe and wrap the world to rest:
Then, yes then, my loved Zetulba,
Throbbings o'er my bosom roll:
And I yearn to have thee, darling,
Reigning queen within my soul.

Fair Zetulba, sweet Zetulba,
Dearest guardian of my heart,
Life would seem not worth the living,
If from thee I had to part.
If thou would'st, my lovely fair one,
Cheer the life in your control:
Say that you, oh sweet Zetulba!
Will reign o'er my troubled soul.

WESTERN ZEPHYRS.

Oh come to the West, Zetulba,
To the far away West with me;
Oh come and be mine, my loved one,
The star of my hope to be.
The East may have ties that can tether
To childhood's departing gleam,
But we'll find in the West, together,
The bliss of a poet's dream.

The sky in that world of wonder
But seldom is clouded o'er;
No rattle of breaking thunder
Would startle your slumbers more;
The fields, and the forests, and flowers
There smile in perennial spring,
While the birds from evergreen bowers
In song that is ceaseless sing.

By the side of the boundless ocean,
In a cottage mid roses lost,
We could hallow our hearts' devotion,
Away from the wearisome host;
The fires of our youthful affection
Need never grow cold or dim;
For our life, under love's subjection,
Would glide like a vesper hymn.

Then come to the West, Zetulba,
To the far away West with me;
Oh come and be mine, my loved one,
The charm of my life to be.
The East may have ties that can tether
To childhood's departing gleam,
But we'll find in the West, together,
The bliss of a poet's dream.

ONLY SOME VIOLETS.

Only some violets—daintily pressed—
Tied together with soft silken bands,
By loving, trembling, far-away hands,
And placed in a letter to me addressed:
Eloquent violets!

Eloquent violets—blue as the sky—
Plucked from the mead with tenderest care,
That they a message of love might bear,
A message of love that will never die;
Like withering violets.

Withering violets—but oh so dear!
That language fails to describe my bliss,
As fondling them over with longing kiss,
I think of the loved one who sent to cheer:
Only some violets.

DESERTED.

I'm lonely without you tonight, dear,
As lonely as lonely can be;
I'm nothing, you've told me, to you, dear,
But you are the whole world to me.

Oh why did you once say you loved, dear,
Loved me as none e'er loved before;
Oh why did you wait till my heart, dear,
Had knitted you into its core?

Oh why, when my bliss was complete, dear,
When heaven and earth were as one,—
Oh why did you—why did you change, dear,
And rob my life's day of its sun?

But I am to blame for the blight, dear;
God surely is chastening me;
For oh, I'm so lonely tonight, dear,
As lonely as lonely can be.

LOVE'S DREAM IS O'ER.

Love's happy dream is o'er;
  I waken with a start;
To find inflamed and sore
  My wounded heart.

The state I thought was life—
  So sweet it seemed and real—
Was but the lull of strife
  That now I feel.

I fixed my highest aim
  Upon a woman's troth;
God steeped my hope in shame
  To show His wrath.

She who mid streaming tears
  Had sworn eternal love;
Ere yet the months were years
  Foresworn did prove.

But I can bear my fate;
  A worse I might deplore;
Had I have learned too late
  Love's dream was o'er.

WAS IT A PROOF?

'Twas Autumn; and the wailing wind
  Foretold of Winter nigh,
As bleak and blind, it vainly pined
  To change the cheerless sky:
When with Zetulba by my side—
  Her hand, in promise, mine—
I craved (nor tried my doubts to hide)
  Of love some surer sign.

'Twas in a garden that we stood,—
A plot her skill had made;
Where 'mong its flowers in musing mood
She oftentimes had strayed.
But now its beds, of beauty shorn,
Were dead, unkempt and bare;
What leaves were left shook all forlorn
And desolate in air.

One only flower remained to tell
Of garden glory fled;
A pansy—heedless of the knell
That low its comrades laid.
Still fresh and sweet, it raised aloft
Its bosom to the sky,
And dared the fates to show their hates—
It simply WOULD not die.

And as I pressed, with lover's zest,
My darling's trembling hand;
And begged once more some token sure
Of Cupid's magic wand;
She stooped—and though the season's last,
Her garden's only plea—
She plucked that pansy from the waste,
And handed it to me.

DOUBT.

If you were more than human, dear, and still
Could love me as you say you love me now:
Then might my heart leap forth unloosed by will—
Then might I fondly whisper vow for vow.

If like Endymion, enamored of the Moon,
I could feel certain of immortal love;
Your vows would dip me in enraptured swoon,
And my own passion would as deathless prove.

But though a jewel of the greatest worth,
Alas! you're only mortal, and your sheen,
Like flaming opal when a cloud creeps forth,
Will change its semblance and its ardor keen.

I may perchance in hurrying to high goal,
Stumble on unseen rock and headlong fall:
You see the hap but when you might console
Alas, my trouble is love's gloomy pall.

Perchance my progress is so very fleet
I get beyond your woman's tardy ken:
And pay the price of seeing at your feet
Some slower lover who will woo like men.

Perhaps, though striving, I am quite outstripped
By one more capable to win a palm;
When straight my soaring hopes are ruthless clipped:
And, from his arms you look upon me calm.

Yes, sweet; you are but mortal—frail though fair—
I dare not dip too deep in love's soft stream;
I dare not place my passion in your care;
Lest rude awaking prove it all a dream.

You are but human, dear—'tis all too true—
And if I let my love become my life;
E'en such a woman, dear, I still might rue,
And curse the fate that gave me such a wife.

OLD WORDS TO A NEW TUNE.

One, Orpheus, so the ancients tell,
  Went down to Pluto's dark abode,
With harp in hand to conjure hell
  To give him back the spouse he lo'ed;
And through the horrors searching well,—
  Nor quailing at the endless strife,
To tuneful string at every cell
  Sang: Where in Hades is my wife?

Though modern husbands quite forget
  To visit Pluto's realm of night,
When coming home in angry fret
  They find their darlings out of sight;
Yet still as through the house they prowl
  In futile search for dish of knife,
Like Orpheus of old they howl:
  Oh where in Hades is my wife?

A LESSON IN GRAMMAR.

I LOVE—and lo! the world till now so plain
  Has changed its hue and like my love grows sweet,
There are no heights I may not now attain:
  My state long wanting is at last complete.

THOU LOVEST—and thy very sighs contain
  A charm that dims all other charms of thine;
For with thy love—oh balm for dizzy brain—
  There comes the hope that all these charms are mine.

HE LOVES—nor can I blame his perfect taste;
  Since his true choice has seen the bud most fair.
His love, though weak near mine, is not all waste:
  For it has shown how high his soul may dare.

We love—and with our latest breath will stand
To shield thee from the shafts that envy send;
Till with such champions at thy dear command
Thy happiness need never know an end.

You love—but hold! oh hollow-mocking fate!
Am "I" the object or is "he" your love?
Can it be possible that him I hate
Who late seemed honest?—so alas I prove.

They love—and only they, all lovers swear,
Who, on the path where even heaven must move,
Are jealous of the gem they hold most rare;
And quickly quarrel with divided love.

THE SECRET.

Oh, Jess! I have a secret that I've promised not to tell;
It's all about our wedding—I know you wish us well—
I told Tom when he asked me I'd keep the whole thing dark.
He thought if we could keep it "mum" 'twould be an awful lark,
So when we fixed the first of May, says I to Tom: my love,
Although I like the name of Stark I will not faithless prove,
And while that name will then become my very, very own,
Upon my word I'll never tell a solitary one.
I'm going to wear a satin dress—a lilac trimmed with cream,
And oh! if you could see my veil; it is a perfect dream;
My sister Sue will be the maid, and in the honeymoon
We're going to visit Tom's old home upon the river Doon;

But there's my car. Excuse me Jess; I really must away—
We're going to live at Woodlands that fronts on Sunset Bay;
The wedding won't be very large—Tom only wants a few—
I think it's quite a jolly joke to keep it dark—don't you?

TESSIE CASEY.

I've a sweetheart so bewitching,
She has set my heart aflame;
She's a colleen from old Ireland:—
Tessie Casey is her name.
Every day I go to see her,
And my life is made divine;
For she tends upon the table
At the salon where I dine.

She's a charmer, all admit it,
All say Tessie's out of sight;
Just to have her wait upon him
Gives a man an appetite.

She has cheeks that shine like roses,
And a chin that breaks men's hearts;
In her eyes so large and tender,
Cupid stores his choicest darts.
O'er her forehead smooth and regal,
Clusters shocks of raven curls;
While her ruddy lips distracting,
Hide two rows of whitest pearls.

But the reason she's my sweetheart;
That I sing her praises true;
Is because she says she loves me—
When there's nothing else to do:

Is because when hunger haunts me,
And I long for bread and meat,
From the kitchen comes Miss Casey
Bringing all I wish to eat.

LOVE ON A RANCH.

In the early hours of morning,
When the birds begin to sing;
And the sun with flash-light warning
Calls the busy bee to wing,
I am startled by a tapping
On my chamber's bolted door,
While a voice disturbs my napping,
And puts short a blissful snore: saying

CHORUS—

"Wake up, wake up, the early birds are singing;
"Wake up, wake up, it's nearly half past four;
"Wake up, wake up, the breakfast bell is ringing,
"Wake up, sweetheart," and rattle goes the door

As I hear the merry summons,
'Fore my eyes there comes a face;
And I see the laughing features
Of the rancher's daughter, Grace,
And I doze again forgetful,
Dreaming I'm in Paradise,
Till once more I hear the accents
Of that fascinating voice; saying

CHORUS—

All the peace that song engenders
In my lone and aching heart,
I would fain—but nature hinders—
To the world at large impart.

Oh how pleasant! if forever
O'er life's changing, troubled deep,
I could hear that voice enticing,
Rousing me from morning sleep: saying
CHORUS—

HOPELESS LOVE.

At the house where I live there are two pretty girls,
One of whom is called "Liz" and has raven black curls;
While the other is "Jen" with a willowy form—
And my heart for them both grows surprisingly warm.

When I'm down at the table consuming my meal,
My thoughts turn to "Jen" with a feverish zeal;
I watch her intent—and in every move
I see some new grace that increases my love.

But when I am through and return to my room,
My love for dark "Liz" once again starts to bloom;
Each word that she utters makes fiercer the fire
Till I grow like a furnace of love and desire.

But alas and alack! I'm but one of a crowd
Who of Lizzie and Jennie are hopelessly proud;
Since favors for rivals all too freely each spreads—
For it's "Jen" waits on table, and "Liz" makes the beds.

LITTLE KATHY KIND HEART.

Though fond lovers praise some Minerva's high charms;
Or boast of the bliss in a Venus's arms;
I'll willingly yield them their most loved embrace,
If kindness for me kindles Kathy's sweet face.

Fair Kathleen acushla! Your good deeds so shine:
Vain, vain are your efforts their light to confine.
While modesty still would hide qualities true—
The hiding of virtues but gains them their due.

You would not pretend to outrival false Troy:
No wiles of yours sure would a Cæsar decoy:
Yet deep in your heart you have treasures in store,
To hold him who wins you—my Kathy asthore.

What signifies learning if heartlessness guides;
Who long values beauty where folly abides?
No birthright can call forth a throe that will last:—
But love won by kindness is never surpassed.

So loud let me sing thee, my Celtic colleen;
My dear little, true little, gentle Kathleen:
Who is there could wish for a lovelier prize,
While kindness for him kindles Kathy's kind eyes.

MAGGIE THORP.

Ye Muses list, while I relate
  The sorrows of a lover true;
And if you've power to mend my fate,
  Still let me not in sorrow sue.
I met the dearest little dame—
  (In vain I tune my wayward harp,
The sweetest music sounds so tame,
  If I but think of Maggie Thorp).

I met her, as I said before
  And straightway Cupid pierced my heart;
And now I gaze—admire—adore,
  But can't withdraw that cruel dart.

Her eyes! oh, ecstacy divine!
  Forgive ye gods, nor with me carp,
When I declare "yours cannot shine,
  As do the eyes of Maggie Thorp."

Her lips! and do I not succumb?
  Why is it that I do not die?
Less blissful thoughts have made me dumb,
  While now I'm able e'en to sigh.
Her lips! Once more let me repeat
  That synonym of heavenly joy:
That one could find two lips more sweet
  Than Maggie Thorp's I must deny.

And then her hair! By Jove:—but hold,
  To swear but aggravates my woe;
Though reason tells me, "be controlled,"
  I'm reckless 'cause I love her so.
Her witching smile! (Restrain me, Will,
  Lest violence should reign supreme)
Her smile makes less each waking ill,
  And haunts to gladden ev'ry dream.

My plaint is this,—and now, Queen Muse,
  Come close that you my woes may hear,
My loved one smiles and smiles profuse:—
  And lo! 'tis that that makes me drear:
She smiles—but on another swain—
  Which threatens all my plans to warp;
For life can be but grief and pain,
  Unless I wed my Maggie Thorp.

They loved, since first by chance they met,
Though years had come and gone;
In Jack, Kate thought the sun must set;
In Kate, Jack saw the dawn.
They had engaged to share life's load,—
And ere a day has flown,
Their souls o'er single thought will brood;
Their fond hearts beat as one.

Jack loved her for her pretty face,
Her laughing eyes of blue,
Her happy smile, her girlish grace,
Her promise to be true.
What though she is of Romish faith,
In it she feels secure:
It is her way of cheating death,
And helps to keep her pure.

Kate loved him for his manly form,
So strong, and lithe and tall;
And for a heart so brave and warm,
That nothing could appal.
"Quite true he does not serve the Pope
But when we both are wed,
To save his soul I still have hope;
I'll win him round," she said.

And so for one short fleeting hour
Before the knot is tied;
They meet again in happy bower,
To nestle side by side.
Entranced they view each other's charms;
Till mantling o'er with bliss,
Close locked in ever tightening arms,
They kiss as lovers kiss.

* * * * * * * * *

And now, expectant bride and groom,
Before a priest they stand;
Prepared (nor dream of coming doom)
To answer each demand.
"Are both of Romish faith?" quoth he;
"Not I," the bridegroom said;
"Then by the church's high decree
You cannot here be wed."

"Not wed," cried Jack, "what mean you, pray?"
"Just this," the priest replied:
"Unless the creed of Rome you say,
You can't claim Romish bride."
"Then ere I lie to win a wife,"
Said Jack in words that burned,
"I'll live a bachelor for life;"
And on his heels he turned.

Aghast Kate stood, nor called him back;—
Here love had no control;
If she were true to love and Jack,
She'd lose her erring soul.
She'd lose her soul; oh fearful fate!
Alas, it must not be;
And from the church disconsolate,
She wanders listlessly.

* * * * * * * *

Long years have flown, but still apart
The cheerless couple stray;
Jack scorns the love of other heart;
And Katy fades away.
They must not wed the church has said;
Kate cannot change her faith;
Thus kindred souls asunder torn,
Await their hastening death.

Await their death. Yet who will say
That when they cross the bar,
Religious fears despite their tears,
Can keep them still afar.
No! No! They're married now in truth;
And when they pierce the gloom,
The seeds of Love that blessed their youth,
In rejoined hearts will bloom.

A STUDY.

She leans with one arm on an easy chair;
One knee lightly presses its cushioned seat;
She stares into distance. The steady beat
Of the gossipy clock startles the air.

Near her in silence oppressively deep,
The piano stands with its keyboard bare.
The twilight is falling, and everywhere
The shadows of even begin to creep,

Her hands hang inert; till up through the gloom
One steals to the keyboard; whence soft and low
A chord like the sighing of endless woe
Quick harrows the soul of that vacant room.

Grim Fate trains the touch on her brooding fears,
And shatters the door to her inmost heart:
Exposing a love she had bade depart:—
A love that now mocks her repentant tears.

BEAUTY'S CONQUEST.

(With apologies to Cæsar:)

'Twas in that cheerless season when from earth's face
the bleak and chilly winds of Winter have ruthless
chased all hope of present joy and pleasure;
when Nature, sovereign dame, appears her very
trust in truth to have deserted; and when
the frozen ground in shame its coldness
hides beneath a veil of snow—

She came.

And at her coming, as if by magic touch, our hearts
so lonely grown and cold, once more unfolded,
Her gentle influence caused the sunken springs
of happiness to again o'erflow; till now
through every vein, with energy
renewed gush liquid fires of love.

We saw—

And, as we gazed, our tell tale eyes, replete with mute
astonishment and wonder, too plainly showed that
such a sight they ne'er before beheld. That dark
sweet smiling face, bedecked with eyes betray-
ing depths of hidden beauty and crown'd by
regal brow festooned with locks of waving
loveliness, seems nothing short of perfect.
To see was homage; for all who saw
confess that in the hour they
saw in beauty's strength

She conquered.

POOR DOLLY'S ILL.

The flowers grow parched in ev'ry glade,
In sympathy they droop and fade,
Their pretty peer is lowly laid;
Poor Dolly's ill.

The birds sing sad on every spray,
Untuned and broken is their lay;
Each mournful accent seems to say,
Our Dolly's ill.

The sun shines rayless from on high,
The wailing wind sweeps o'er the sky,
Time drags its dreary moments by,
Since Dolly's ill.

All nature weeps, but weeps in vain,
Her master-piece still writhes in pain,
What art can make her glad again,
While Dolly's ill?

(Later.)
Once more the birds sing sweet and clear,
The flowers once more their beauty wear;
Once more all nature doffs her care;
For Dolly's well.

THE POLITICS OF LOVE.

Vain blasé creatures of the world,
Whose lust is winning votes,—
Whose jibes at simple love are hurled
As proof that you are goats;
Assemble now and list awhile,
Then cease your knavish tricks:
Learn here that you YOURSELVES revile—
For love is Politics.

A lover in his honest way
  Is but a CANDIDATE;
He wants to have SOME LITTLE SAY
  In his ADOPTED STATE;
While she he loves in accents dumb,
  Rewards his SALLIES WITTY,
Till lo! the twain with joy become:
  Joint CHAIRMAN IN COMMITTEE.

Then when they've SERVED THEIR COUNTRY well
  By silence on THE FLOOR;
Next as a man and wife they dwell
  And HOME RULE realms explore.
Such PATRIOTIC ARDOR warms;
  The State's gay halls resound;
The husband's chosen MAN-AT-ARMS,
  His spouse as SPEAKER'S crowned.

So on it goes; from year to year
  Behold NEW HONORS gained.
ASPIRANTS quote the happy pair;
  And hope what they've attained.
At last, ABOVE ALL PETTY GRIEF,
  With baby's charms elate
She's made SOLICITOR-IN-CHIEF,
  And he, grown very great,
Becomes, MID CHEERS and truant tears,
  A GUV'NER in the STATE—
    of MATRIMONY.

DARLING, I HAVE DREAMED OF THEE.

An answer to the song, "Little Darling, Dream of Me," and so close a copy of the song that it is answering that the author takes no credit for either the thought or metre. It is placed here more particularly as an instance of the slight changes required in English versification to quite reverse the sense.

When with sorrow I'm oppressed,
And I'm feeling sad and lonely;
Graham, darling, in my breast
Longings rise for thee, thee only.
Since from me you had to part,
Dearer hast thou seemed to me;
Let me whisper to thy heart,—
Dearest, I am dreaming of thee.

Sweetly dreaming, smiling, beaming,
Brightest visions come to me;
While the stars were softly gleaming,
Darling, I have dreamed of thee.

Though deep rivers us divide,
In my musing hours I hear thee;
And in slumber by my side
Fairies kindly bring thee near me.
Let me now assure thee, love,
Since thine eyes first beamed on me,
Though in distant lands you rove,
Still I'm ever dreaming of thee.

A BACHELOR'S LEAP YEAR LAMENT.

Not married yet! Though years are flying by,
Not married yet! No wonder that I sigh.
Time still goes on, but in its fleeting train
Comes no sweet hope to cheer a lovesick swain.

Not married yet! And must I ever roam?
Not married yet! Oh whither is my home?
When I was young I thought it wise to wait;
But now it seems I've waited till too late.

Not married yet! My aching heart repeats,
Not married yet! Nor tasted nuptial sweets.
Why is it thus? I constantly enquire;
And Echo's answer faint but whips my ire.

Not married yet! What can I—must I do?
Not married yet! Shall I but live and rue?
Where is the heart that heav'n cut out as mine?
Oh, tell me quick or let me life resign.

Not married yet! Still singly blest I rove.
Not married yet! No darling wife to love.
Come, wayward fair, while leap year gives you choice,
With one short breath make my sad heart rejoice.

Not married yet! Though years are flying by.
Not married yet! No wonder that I sigh.
Time still goes on, but in its fleeting train
Comes no sweet hope to cheer a lovesick swain.

ELLA, THE SAUCY.

A ballad in four parts about a young lady (from Egypt or some other foreign country) whose name is "Ella" and who had an estimable sweetheart named "Will."

I.

Fair Ella is a saucy Miss
  Of mercenary aim;
Who has no use for lover's kiss,
  That leads to pauper's claim.

She says that love is naught but talk,
That no man can be true,
And calls that dude an awkward gawk
Who would in earnest woo.

II.

So Ella leads them all a pace,
Who strive her smiles to gain;
She turns them down with such a grace,
They scarcely feel the pain:
They scarcely feel the pain, alas,
Until again they try;
And then her smile, it comes to pass,
Gives double cause for sigh.

III.

Yes, Ella is a saucy Miss,
A Saucy Miss is she;
Within her eyes is soulful bliss
That all who run may see.
Yet all in vain are soulful eyes
Or even dearer art,
Since in her icy bosom lies
A calculating heart.

IV.

But Ella is not half so bad
As she would make believe;
For if she sees some suitors sad,
She does not all deceive:
She has her choice among the crowd,
Though independent still,
And while of icy bosom proud
She boasts a *Gentle Will.*

OUR VACANT CHAIR.

Spring, o'er the waste of Winter's drifting snows,
  Ushered by sunshine and warm melting showers,
  Comes with her train of grass and leafy bowers
And scatters perfume from the budding rose.

Streams, bound of late in ice, in gladness leap—
  Proud thus again to show the glistening gleam
  Of ripples dancing in the noonday beam—
And hurry on to swell the boundless deep.

Birds to a sense of ardent hope and love
  Roused from the stupor of the cold still past,
  To listening mates, on passion's billow tost,
Fill with their melody the skies above.

But birds and streams and meadows decked with green
  Mock us with joy for new-returning Spring;
  Since with the pleasures does she also bring
Sorrow, that blots those pleasures from the scene.

Once in our midst there grew a lovely flower:
  Ripples and love and perfume all in one;
  Whose radiance dazzled like the morning sun,
Yet grew more lovely with each growing hour.

Spring comes; and lo the very flower we loved;
  The one of all the rest we least could spare;
  Is ruthless torn away, while crazed with care,
We, sobbing, ask why heaven its own removed.

ELFRIDA PYKE.

(A true story of Newfoundland.)

Near Harbor Grace long years ago,
(While brows now wrinkled deep,
Were smooth, nor dreamed that locks of snow
Must some day o'er them creep.)

There dwelt across old Saddle Hill—
That bare and lonely height—
Whose rugged crest divided well
Mosquito Cove from sight,—

A maid whose eighteenth Summer's sun
Upon her shapely form,
With artist's skill had deftly shone,
And ripened every charm.

What, though the Harbor boasted belles
As fresh as opening flower,
Whose every glance a story tells
Of beauty's matchless power.

Still o'er them all a very queen,
The fair Elfrida stood;
Her loveliness had to be seen
But once before 'twas wooed.

Both far and near her fame had spread,
And all who knew her loved;
Since guilelessness of heart and head,
Her radiant features proved.

For every one she had a smile,
Or if 'twould soothe—a tear;
Her blithesome voice could soften toil,
And lighten grief or fear.

All proudly owned her as their friend;
And many suitors tried,
With countless arts to win the hand,
Of such a worthy bride.

But no! A widowed mother's need
Required her constant care;
Her heart and hand, her duteous deed,
Must still be centered there.

And so 'twas thus one Autumn night,
Her daily tasks complete,
She started o'er the dreary height
A mother's smile to greet.

Her home lay in Mosquito Cove—
Three weary miles away;
But what of that; a daughter's love,
Could never lead astray.

Oft had she climbed that selfsame steep,
Nor ever known alarm;—
By sowing kindness, who can reap
A crop of woe or harm?

With easy conscience—innate truth—
Undaunted by the night,
The maiden blessed with health and youth,
Tripped fearless up the height.

Ah! Little do we guess the snares
That compass us around;
Too often Satan unawares,
Can innocence astound.

Oblivious of the awful fate
That even now is near;
The happy girl thinks ills await
Those only who have fear.

Why did not Providence step forth
And warn of danger nigh?
Why test the maiden's proven worth?
But echo answers, "Why?"

Far down along the harbor side,
Lights glimmered here and there;
Beyond—the ever struggling tide
Of ocean moaned its care.

Around her path great boulders stand
Like spectres wild and dim;
While clumps of brush on every hand
Loom up in vagueness grim.

The night was still. A cloudy sky
More doubtful made the scene,
When 'merging from a rock close by,
A skulking form was seen.

Too late to save herself by flight,—
Too late to shun the place,
A moment more revealed to sight
A ruffian lover's face.

A lover, who, like all the rest,
Had importuned in vain;
But one within whose brutal breast
Dark passions held the rein.

Alone he waits her on the way,
His hungry lust on fire;
Resolved to force her, come what may,
To feed his base desire.

But little wist he of the power
That in true virtue lies;
As with an oath he seized the flower
That seemed his certain prize.

Her startled scream rings through the night;
But none, alas, can hear;
Too far away, the nearest light;
Too far that cottage dear.

Then grappling with her fiendish foe,
Now tossed on angry flame,
It took but little time to know
Her choice was death—or shame.

'Twas death or shame; but truly great,
Though far from every eye,
She fought regardless of her fate;
And gladly chose to die.

Next morning on the trampled heath,
All torn and wet with gore,
The maiden's form lay cold in death—
Her awful struggle o'er.

But not in vain her fearless stand:
For since that fatal night,
Elfrida shines, through Newfoundland,
A never fading light.

A light that like a martyred faith.
Makes virtuous a race;
And keeps her still, despite her death,
The Pride of Harbor Grace.

THE EVOLUTION OF NOBILITY.

THE IRON AGE.

In the times of Norman William
He who fain would be a lord,
Had to fight his way to glory,
And with blood bedew his sword.
Then—according to the Saxons—
Greatest peers were greatest knaves;
And they were the NOBLEST Barons
Who had filled most patriot graves.

THE BRAZEN AGE.

In the days of much-wived Henry,
And the days of second Charles,
Love became the happy medium
That transformed the rogues to Earls.
Were you then a humble Mister,
You your lowly lot must bear,
Till you got a pretty sister
Or a daughter that was fair.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

But the sword has lost its savor;—
Love and business sometimes clash;—
If you'd NOW be high in favor,
You must pay the price in cash.
Lenient smiles are not unwelcome;
Nor for that a warrior's suit;
But if you can BUY a dukedom—
You can have the rest to boot.

LOVE.

Love is the secret of success,
In it alone lies happiness:
No lover ever loved in vain:
A mistress lost is yet a gain.

The martyr died that he might live;
His very death new life can give:
For love of truth he singly bled
And is, by life immortal, paid.

The patriot's tomb is hallowed still;
He died, but 'gainst his country's will;
He loved his home, and in return
Men worship now his storied urn.

The poet,—who? What made him such?
When truth is known 'twas loving much;
The prophet, too, and famous king,
Are fam'd because of love they bring.

Why then, my brother, your delay
In letting out this heavenly ray?
Inquire not where it can be found,
But raise your eyes and look around.

Why think you shines the sun on high?
Why flit the clouds across the sky?
Why rolls the sea? Why waves the plain?
Do mighty rivers flow in vain?

What draws us to the mountain wild?
Why rocks in massive grandeur piled?
What makes Niagara flash and roar
While luscious fruits enrich its shore?

What motives caused the flowers to spring?
And with the bud why perfume bring?
Were pretty birds, whose songs so thrill,
But made for beasts and sports to kill?

No! God be praised, the reason's plain:
'Twas love in their Creator's brain;
And love in these proves love in man
As part of one eternal plan.

Then let us to ourselves be true;
Let love shine forth in all we do;
For love revealed is life's success,
And spreads on earth heaven's happiness.

TO BE OR NOT TO BE.

He raised the pistol to his feverish brow;
The circling barrel on his temple pressed;
The cold dead steel bespoke a fatal zest
True to his vow.

His finger trembles on the trigger. List
The ghastly laugh that breaks the silence dread—
Despair has made him heartless. Hope all fled
Death is but mist—

And he will pierce it. Life has lost its hue:
A touch—a nervous twitch—and all is o'er:
God in His mercy left one welcome door
He might go through.

Now is the moment. In a second more
He'll break the bonds that bind him to a life
Where one false move involves an endless strife
With reef-bound shore.

He lived thus long unfriended—now he'll die.
When he has gone who cares? His homeless lot
In life, by death will gain the haunted plot
Whereon he'll lie.

But was his life so cheerless? Has the cloud
That rolls along so threatning not one rift?
See even now grim Death begins to lift
Its gruesome shroud.

Back in his boyhood days he did have friends;—
Ambitious, ardent youths just like himself—
Who thought developed wit for lack of pelf
Must make amends.

They used to meet and argue over straws;
And shake their little world with learned boom;
While younger brethren in adjacent room
Would wondering pause.

And hope that they some day might be so wise;
Till, growing brave, into the room of state
They'd steal to hear the perorations great
With helping eyes.

But that was more than genius might allow;
The older brothers packed them off pell mell:
"Begone; your presence breaks the charmed spell
That holds us now."

Just like the shallow world, the wav'rer thought
And steadied once again the murderous steel;
Those happy days inspired by selfish zeal
Were best forgot.

But yet—and yet—and memory fleets again
Back to those flights when vanity ran high;
And now he sees, behind the angry sky,
One deed not vain.

He once implored his fellows to be kind,
And let a little sister stay to hear—
A sober little lass whose seventh year
Showed older mind.

A thoughtless act that might have been quite lost
Had not a parting fixed it firm and sure—
Now see the weapon, held till now secure,
By tremor tost.

Yes; when he came to part—to end those days—
He did not think it was an ending then—
But when he came to quit his native glen
For traveled bays,

There was but one who wept to say good-bye,
But there WAS one! Yes; and the pistol falls;
One grateful little heart his hope recalls;
He will not die—

God bless that little girl. Increasing years
May add more sorrows to his wandering lot
But from his cheerless life they'll never blot
Those childish tears.

GOD KNOWS BEST.

Alone by the ocean in sorrow and sadness,
I watched the grim breakers come crashing ashore;
Till feeling attuned to their fierce, fitful madness,
At thoughts of the strife that was mine evermore.

I yearningly gazed on each powerful billow,
That restlessly rolled o'er the great silent deep,
And wished for the moment to make one my pillow;
To rock on its writhings in waking and sleep.

Then snapping my fingers in scorn at ambition,
Away o'er the depths I could speed in my glee;
Now hither and thither with reckless transition—
The winds nor the waves not more happy or free.
No longer disturbed by desires for tomorrow,
No longer compelled to submit to defeat;—
Far off from the causes of shame and of sorrow;—
My life would be peacefully, blissfully sweet.

But hold! if away from the world and its wailing
My lot all alone on the billows were cast,
Would I not miss some joy for all my plain sailing—
Some pleasure that all my contentment would blast?
Ah! yes; and I turned from the awful attraction,
Once more feeling grateful to heaven above;
The pinings, the sorrows, the striving, the faction
Are nothing if mingled with love,—sweet love.

THE SETTING SUN.*

*A friend quoted from memory four lines of a poem she had heard read containing some of the thoughts and something of the style of the first stanza. I do not know who was the author of the four lines but under the circumstances feel that this poem is a plagiarism although so far as I know stanzas two and three are entirely my own.—Author.

It's not the things we've done, dear;
But the things we've left to do,
That makes our hearts grow heavy;
And obstructs our spirit view.
It's the note we might have written:
The love-task—not begun:
That sinks our soul with sadness
At the setting of the sun.

It's not the goal we aim for;
  Nor yet what we may gain;
That proves to troubled conscience,
  Our life is not in vain.
Since, what we should have suffered;
  And what we could have done;
May stab like venomed daggers,
  At the setting of the sun.

So let us start afresh, dear,
  And from this very hour,
Let all old sins be banished;
  Nor at one folly cower.
Do well what lies before us;
  No duty let us shun;—
For true hearts ever lighten
  At the setting of the sun.

REJECTED LOVE.

Rejected love, your pangs I prove:
  I taste your bitter sweet;
Life now is pain but still 'tis pain
  Where pain and pleasure meet.

She'll not be mine is why I pine,
  And yet I needs must own:
The love I bear my haughty fair
  Can in itself atone.

I feel love's dart within my heart,
  And while 'tis there I sigh;
Yet since 'tis there with all its care
  Remove it and I'd die.

There's joy in love the gods approve
When hearts to hearts respond;
And light in pain (though love is vain)
That else might ne'er have dawned.

A SONG OF THE WALTZ.

The world may be full of grim sorrow and care,
Of tri'ls, tribulation and woe:
And tyranny, poverty, want and despair
May meet us wherever we go;
But if we would fly for a moment's respite,
From its ghouls, and its griefs, and its faults,
Let us banish our care, swinging maidenhood fair
In the mystical maze of the waltz.
Hurling, whirling, twisting, twirling,
Lost in the maze of the waltz;
The world may have ailings, and sorrows, and failings,
But not while we're dancing the waltz.

There are some who will say that it's hurtful to dance—
A case of sour grapes, to be sure;
Thank heaven that one has so often the chance
To practice a pleasure so pure:
When the music melts into melody sweet,
And mingles its marches and halts,
One indeed is amiss, who can feel aught but bliss,
While whirling around in the waltz.

We feel as we glide o'er the well polished floor
We are sailing on fairy seas;
That our feet take the place of the rythmic oar,
And music's our zephyr-like breeze.
Then away we go in oblivious glee,
Quite free from all worldly assaults,
And the fairies all sing of the flowers of Spring
To gladden our hearts as we waltz.

COUNTRY MANNERS.

In memory of the celebration of Dominion Day at Chicago during the World's Fair, 1893, and of the speeches of Carter Harrison the Mayor, and J. S. Larke, a Canadian Commissioner.

Says Uncle Sam to Canada,
"My dear, I like your style;
"If you'll be true
"I'll marry you:—
"Sure that is worth your while?"

Says Canada to Uncle Sam,
"You flatter me, dear mister;
"For your great nerve
"You much deserve—
"So I will be your SISTER."

"But surely Miss," says Uncle Sam,
"You cannot blame my notion;
"Since parallel
"Our countries dwell—
"From ocean unto ocean?"

"Indeed that's true," says Canada,
"Your notion seems complete,
"So to be fair
"We two may pair—
"When parallels shall meet."

THE TYPEWRITER GIRL.

Sung by Tommy Tompkins a character in the comedy "Tenderfeet in Alaska."

I once was a Music Hall singer,
The critics all knew me by name;
And when I was singing they'd linger
To listen and add to my fame.

Oh those were my happiest days—
There in front of the footlights' blaze
With my head and my heart in a whirl,
For must I confess
I owed my success
To a sweet little typewriter girl.

CHORUS:

Oh yes, she was a sweet typewriter girl;
My sweet little typewriter girl;
With her lips in pout and her hair in curl,
A sweet little typewriter girl.

My typewriter girl was a novice,
When I first got in range of her smile;
She worked for a baker named Hovis,
Who didn't "catch on" to her style.
He said she was slow as a coach:
Wasn't that a disgraceful reproach
To hurl at my dear little pearl?
And he gave her the sack
When she answered him back:
Sacked my sweet little typewriter girl.

CHORUS:

She then got a "sit" with an author,
Who said she'd have half of his gains;
He gave her a great deal of bother—
But neither got aught for their pains.
And then she got terribly "broke"
And put all my presents in "soak"
Before she her tale would unfurl;
But I had a "pile"
Which went with a smile
To my dear little typewriter girl.

CHORUS:

Then when she had spent all my savings,
She dropped on a nice little snap;
For a lawyer whose last name was Shavings
Gave her nothing to do, the kind chap.
But he fell in love with her grace,
Her delicate fingers and eloquent face,
Her chin and her cheek and her curl—
Till I took to drink,
For what do you think?
He married my typewriter girl.

CHORUS:

THE BOARDIN' MISSIS' SMILE.

Sung by Tommy Tompkins a character in the comedy "Tenderfeet in Alaska."

Though I've been in many lands,
And have passed through many hands,
In my search for peace and comfort without guile;
Yet I have found out at last,
That all joy in life is past,
If you cannot make your boardin' missis smile.

Though your friends be of the best,
And you sport a satin vest,
And at balls and picnics live in highest style,
All your pomp will be in vain,
For no real joy can you gain
If you cannot make your boardin' missis smile.

When your wages are increased—
Say five hundred at the least—
  It may make you feel quite happy for a while;
But it is not worth a song
(Though of course I may be wrong)
  If you cannot make your boardin' missis smile.

If some little Cupid's dart
Has with love inflamed your heart,
  And your lady takes it off into exile;
While you wait your wedding morn,
You will wish you ne'er were born
  If you cannot make your boardin' missis smile.

If a bachelor you stay,
And you hoard your cash away,
  Till at length you have contrived to save a pile,
What is all your money worth,
Is it use for aught on earth?
  If you cannot make your boardin' missis smile.

So, young man, just starting out,
Take advice and you, no doubt,
  Will insure yourself real comfort by this wile:
If with you the girls do flirt,
Treat them kind but be alert;
  That you always court the boardin' missis' smile.

I'M GOING TO WED A PRINCESS.

Sung by Tommy Tompkins a character in the comedy "Tenderfeet in Alaska."

I'm going to wed a princess:
Some day she'll be a queen;
And then I'll be her consort—
With all that that may mean:
I'll sit upon a golden throne,
And smile on Royal Dames;
And when her pater turns his toes—
I'll rule the great Jim-jams.

When we are the Jim-jam king and queen,
We'll raise old Cain with ardor keen—
Likewise the golden calf;—
We'll make our subjects eat our foes,
And with our friends we'll drown our woes
In glorious 'alf-in-'alf.

Her father is a monarch—
(Another name for king)
His fathers ruled the Jim-jams
Since time first took the wing.
And now he's growing hoary,
So, as his daughter's spouse,
When he has gone to glory,
I'll take the kingly vows.

When we are the Jim-jam king and queen,
We'll raise old Cain with ardor keen—
Likewise the golden calf;—
We'll make our subjects eat our foes,
And with our friends we'll drown our woes
In glorious 'alf-in-'alf.

Her mother—(recitative) But I forgot all about her mother. For heaven's sake, Starlitz, break the news gently: IS YOUR MOTHER DEAD?

STARLITZ. Yes.

Her mother's in a coffin,
Within the Royal tomb;
Her angel voice is silenced,
And buried deep in gloom;
Long ere her daughter married,
She mingled with the blest—
And quite resigned one mourner weeps—
WHATEVER IS IS BEST.

When we are the Jim-jam king and queen,
We'll raise old Cain with ardor keen—
Likewise the golden calf;—
We'll make our subjects eat our foes,
And with our friends we'll drown our woes.
In glorious 'alf-in-'alf.

Her subjects are devoted—
At least they soon will be;—
When she is queen and I am king
They'll have a jubilee.
They'll feast themselves with salmon heads,
They'll bask in blubber fat—
Ugh!
But when she's queen and I am king—
Who cares a fig for that.

When we are the Jim-jam king and queen,
We'll raise old Cain with ardor keen,
And milk the Klondike calf:
We'll make our subjects eat our foes,
And with our friends we'll drown our woes
In glorious 'alf-in-'alf.

PRIMARY IMPRESSIONS.

Written according to agreement by the author and exchanged for "Primary Impressions" of himself after meeting for the first time in Lindsay, Ontario, a young lady whose volume of poetry called "Mizpah" he had read some time before.

'Twas New Year's eve of '88,
To give that day its dues,
That I with pleasure first did meet
Fair Helen, Lindsay's Muse.

I had not seen her face before,
But of her works I'd heard;
And o'er her songs I'd learned to pore,
Before I saw "the bird."

But when we did become acquaint,
I thought it such a treat,
I sat me down to bardlike paint
Her qualities complete.

Yet soon I found 'twas all in vain,
To tell her traits in verse;
Though fair maids all may wrack my brain
Fair poets wrack it worse.

I tried each plan my thoughts to bribe;
Till now I must confess,
No words I know with truth describe
Miss Foote, the poetess.

HOW TIMES HAVE CHANGED.

The poets have sung that in days of the past,
  While Dian, a maiden divine,
Was dipping her person so buxom and chaste,
  In billows of feathery brine.
One, Actæon, saw her and for his offense
  Was suddenly changed to a stag;
Which straightway to add to his horror intense,
  Was devoured by a favorite dog.

The tale has its weak points, all critics confess,
  For why should Diana be mad?
Either women have changed or her sea-bathing dress
  Must have fitted her awfully bad.
Were latter day maidens in taking their bath,
  And a man happened by so sedate
As not to look at them they'd deem him in wrath
  More worthy of Actæon's fate.

SUNDAY IN HYDE PARK.

Morning.

Along the Row to Marble Arch,
  Wealth's famed procession passes by;
  Sweet ladyships with glancing eye,
And lordships stiff in shining starch:
A gaitered foot, a stovepipe head,
An upturned nose, with wine grown red;
A purple robe, a stately strut,
Ringed ears to all but flatt'ry shut:
List to the nothings that they say,
As each proud group goes on its way.
  They're happy in their little game,
And I will be the last to squeel;
  For I confess it to my shame
I know exactly how they feel.

Afternoon.

Wild speakers on imported stumps,
  Surrounded by excited mobs,
  Tell how the rich the poor man robs;
And with one hand the other thumps.
The tortured air is full of saws
About the curse of wealth-made laws,
Till on the outskirts of a crowd
Some doubting Thomas swears aloud;
Then walks away, in arch disgust,
While after him flies parting thrust.
  Perhaps reforms are born that way;
I cannot blame e'en useless zeal;
  I've tried reforming in my day,
And know how happy zealots feel.

Evening.

The moonlight streams near shady seat,
  Secluded from the worldly breeze;
  Where lips with vows fond hearts would ease,
Yet hearts uneased with loudness beat.
To rest and count the stars I'm fain,
But for a nook I search in vain.
'Tis lovers' hour within the Park,
And each still nook and cranny dark,
Is lighted by love's spluttering wick—
Whose splutter sounds like pistol click.
  I must be gone—I dare not stay—
Tight straining arms my doom will seal;
  Poor things; it is their happiest day:
I've felt the raptures lovers feel.

SHE IS A "LULU."

Written by request of a friend whose sweetheart was called Lulu Howe. The term "lulu" in many parts of America is used in a slang sense and when so used has a complimentary meaning.

Sexton loved a pretty maiden,
  Who from him was far away;
And his heart with grief was laden,
  That he could not nearer stay.

For she was a lovely creature,—
  Gentle as a summer breeze;
Beauty shone on ev'ry feature,
  And her voice each ear could please.

And as Sexton thought about her,
  Love o'erflow'd his honest heart;
And to be a likely suitor,
  He besought my erring art.

Glad to do my friend a favor,
  But afraid that I might fail,
I enquired, with trembling quaver,
  "What he wished me to detail."

"Tell the world," he answered proudly,
  "For it wants to know, I trow,
"That the girl I love's a Lulu,
  "And, what's more, a Lulu Howe."

CATALINA.

The story of an island called "Santa Catalina" off the coast of California.

Catalina was a maiden,
  and a maiden fair to see,
Who was born long years ago in sunny Spain;
  She was radiant and lovely,
  she was lovely as could be;
And her heart was pure and free from any stain.

But, alas, this lovely lady,
  this Spaniard fair to see,
Was the daughter of a martyr to the right;
  Who, beneath his country's standard,
  had scorned to cringe or flee
When invaders conquered liberty with might.

And because he would not tremble,
  nor renounce his patriot blade,
He was doomed with all his house to die in pain:
  He was doomed, but still he managed
  to forewarn the lovely maid—
His only living tie to conquered Spain.

He forewarned his only daughter
  just in time to save her life,
And she fled her boding fate in male attire;
  Her best hopes forever blasted
  by the cruel vengeful knife,
That cut off at once her fortune and her sire.

It meant death for her to tarry
  near her whilom happy home;
She must leave for aye her much-loved native land.
  So upon a gallant vessel,
  a monarch of the foam,
As a "cabin boy" she shipped for other strand.

And no one guessed her secret,
the secret of her sex,
As she nimbly did the tasks that to her fell;
And the ship rolled o'er the ocean,
and the ocean o'er its decks,
And the sailors learned to love their messmate well.

After months and months of sailing,
sailing over billows bold,
The ship which bore the maiden reached an isle;
And the captain anchored by it
to recruit his health and hold;
Glad at last to gain a respite from his toil.

And the natives of that island,
of that island in the sea,
Were a dark and swarthy race of noble mould;
Who had never seen a white man,
nor a maiden fair as she,
Who trod the decks her secret still untold.

Yet the natives met them kindly,
these strangers from the deep,
Met them kindly and entreated them ashore;
For they thought they must be Spirits
from the Spirit land of sleep;
And so sought to make them welcome more and more.

Now among these swarthy natives,
these natives dark and kind,
Was a chieftain young and nobler than the rest;
Whose every move was graceful,
as graceful as the wind
That gently fanned this island of the West.

His eye was like an eagle's,
like an eagle's bright and keen,
And his ever active form was strong and tall;
Catalina looked upon him,
looked and loved his royal mien;
And determined there and then to tell him all.

To tell him all her troubles,
to ask him to protect,
She might as well live here as die in Spain;
But still she must be secret,
nor let her mates suspect:
Lest they should scheme to take her back again.

What though he were an Indian,
this native of the wild!
What, though throughout his veins coursed savage blood?
She saw his heart was noble,
by luxury unspoiled,
She felt that he was naturally good.

For weeks the vessel lingered
in this island rich and rare;
And the Spaniards were at home upon its shore;
They hunted, fished and feasted,
feasted on the best of fare,
From the best that filled the friendly natives' store.

But while the men were feasting
and passing time away,
The chieftain and the maiden drew apart;
For love full soon unbidden
had proved its peerless sway,
And joined the maid and chieftain heart to heart.

Along the beach they wandered,
or o'er the grassy heights;
Together seemed they always to be drawn;
And much the sailors marvelled
to see their daily flights;—
Staunch friends indeed the boy and chief had grown.

What could they have in common,
who had no common tongue?
'Twould pay they thought to follow them and see;
And so the two were shadowed
the hills and heights among,
Were shadowed to the favorite trysting tree.

It chanced that on the morrow
the vessel was to sail,
To sail away p'raps never to return;
And sad had grown the maiden,
the maid of late so hale,
That she might from the chieftain thus be borne.

She could not bear the parting,
the parting from her love,
Her love whose manly heart was now her own;
And so today they plotted
within a distant grove,
That they would hide until the ship had gone.

With looks and signs for language—
love needs no tardy words—
They told again the pleasing tender tale;
And there they sat together
as happy as the birds
That billed and cooed and sang in yonder dale.

But all their hopes were blighted,
as other hopes have been;
The unseen sailors heard where they would hide;
They saw, too, the embraces
that passed the friends between,
And knew at last what drew them side to side.

The morrow came and early
the ship prepared to sail,
A friendly breeze sprang up to aid its course;
And when they proved the maiden
regardless of their hail,
Her messmates went to bear her off by force.

They sought the chosen arbor,
and there upon the sward
The chieftain and his trembling charge were found;
His arms were round about her—
a loved—a loving guard—
But one, alas, that soon must shield the ground.

For as the sailors seized her,
his fair—his Spirit bride,
The chieftain drew a weapon in her aid;
But overpowered by numbers
they stabbed him till he died,
Despite the frantic pleadings of the maid.

And now all hope was over,
her guardian had been slain;
And slain while fighting manfully for her;
How could she ever leave him,
with those who were her bane,
As well as bane of him no more to stir?

She could not nor she would not,
so grasping quick as thought,
The dagger that had ta'en her lover's life:
She plunged it in her bosom
and fell where he had fought:
In death to be his true and loving wife.

KISS ME LELIA

Kiss me, Lelia, kiss your lover;
Draw me to your bosom tight;
Let me sip again the perfume,
As your breath essays its flight.
Kiss me Lelia, draw me closer:
What a rapture you can give:
In your arms, forbidden charmer,
It is ecstasy to live.

Kiss me, Lelia, kiss your lover,
Let your heart dictate my bliss;
Let our souls be always striving
To unite in every kiss.
Kiss me Lelia, how I hold you;
You have proved and proved full well:
Why then should the fates divide us;
Why confront with barriers fell?

Kiss me, Lelia, must I never
Feel your clinging lips again?
What a mockery is "seeming;"
Oh that "hope" should make life vain.
Kiss me Lelia, and remember
Should you e'er need helping hand;
I will take it as a favor
If you'll let me be that friend.

Kiss me, Lelia, but in parting
  Draw me to your bosom tight;
Let me sip once more the perfume
  As your breath essays its flight.
Kiss me Lelia,—draw me closer—
  What a rapture you can give:
In your arms, my sweet that's stolen,
  I would forfeit heaven to live.

TO MY MUSE

Sweet Poesy, thou nymph divine,—
  My dearest hope and pride;
My heart now offers at thy shrine
  The debt it cannot hide.

When to thy coy and countless charms
  My musing mem'ry strays,
My spirit with the contact warms,
  And I am filled with praise.

In sorrow thou art ever nigh,
  My mournful hours to cheer;
In happiness, wert thou not by,
  'Twould make my bliss less dear.

When Friendship calls for tribute just,
  Or Cupid claims his due,
Thou never yet betrayed my trust,—
  Thy help is sure and true.

Here let me own with grateful grace,
  Thou art my only guide;
With thee—what matters time or place;
  Without—e'en heaven is void.

THE DAWN OF HOPE.

These two stanzas, composed in the Summer of 1883, have the particular distinction of being a poet's first tribute at the Shrine of Love.

Oh! how my breast swells up with joy!
The world can hold no happier boy;
With pride I dance along the street;
And my glad heart, how it does beat!
Oh! how sweet mem'ries bathe my brain!
Love's bliss throughout my soul doth reign;
Can it be so,—or was I blind?—
To me fair Ida seemed quite kind.

I think 'tis true, but fearing still,
I wait her awe-inspiring will;
And oh! if right my eyes have been;
No subject could adore his queen
So fondly as I will her grace—
The fairest of God's fairer race;
And as the acme to my bliss,
I'll beg of her one loving kiss.

A TOO ONE-SIDED POET.

Written on the banks of the St. Lawrence River, Canada.

Though Burns has praised the banks o' Ayr,
And rhymed with pride of Bonnie Doon:
Could he have dreamed
What by me streamed,
I fear he would have changed his tune.

Though he has sung of Mauchline belles
And of his sweet Torbolton lasses;
Yet 'fore my eye,
One maiden coy,
Far all his lovely belles surpasses.

He talks in raptures of his Jean,
And of his darling Highland Mary;
But knew he well
My noble Nell,
His song would doubtless often vary.

JEALOUSY'S FIRST PANG.

Do I recall the picnic? Are you mad?
Recall it when it burns me even now.
You mean the picnic that we boys got up
When Nellie was the pre-acknowledged belle?
Well rather! and if you my friendship prize,
You'll never mention more that milestone dire.

Recall that picnic—excuse me till I smile!
Ha, ha! You do not see the joke? Nor I.
I've often wished I did. But list awhile;
I'll tell you what that picnic brings to mind;
And once you know you'll keep my secret safe;
For by your acts I've proved you are my friend.

Robert and I were friends. His tall lithe form,
His handsome features and his noble brow,
Quite captivated all. And, as we stood
Upon the corner that fine Summer morn
Deciding who should be the girls' escorts,
Nell's name was called. Each furtive eye glanced
Reluctant to give up the greatest prize, [round
And yet quite conscious that to hope was vain.
Somehow at last all glances turned to me;
But I said: "No. Friend Robert is the man;
Give him the honor;" though within my heart
The world had been small price were I the one.
But Robert was as modest as myself;
"No, no—he would not go; I was the man."

So both protested till, in compromise,
We laughingly consented both to go.
It was a foolish move I now admit;
But then it seemed the only method plain:
So off we went—friend Robert and myself—
The boys had chosen me and I chose him.
He was in every way the only choice
But Fate had marked me and I faced my Fate.

Now we have reached and knocked at Nellie's door;
Expectantly we stand; my heart loud thumps.
She was to me the girl of all the world,
And in a moment I would touch her hand:
Hark! There's her step. We bashfully retreat
Into the farthest corner of the porch;
And then she came and opened wide the door,
Then looked amazed to see that two had come.
Within her hand she held four roses red
And laughingly exclaimed: "See what I've got!
I plucked them for the one who came for me;"
And then, with such a grace I thought I dreamed,
She handed ONE to me—and THREE to him.
First I grew white. I felt my form contract.
My fingers shriveled and my brow grew cold.
The clammy sweat oozed out. My quivering lips
Clung to my teeth and quite refused to speak.
I did not faint and yet I had to lean
Against the porch to keep upon my feet.

Yes, Robert was my friend and, half ashamed,
As she went off to bring the picnic fare
He offered to divide more equally.
But I said "No" and in a tone so short
One might have thought he'd done some mortal sin.
But that one word brought back my fleeing pride.
I would not let him see I cared a rap
Back with the pride came too the conscious blood

And all my features seemed to be on fire.
Then Nellie came and as she walked between
I think I never was so full of life.
I chirped and chatted like a dicky bird—
And no one dreamed an arrow pierced my heart.
Among the throng I mixed. You may recall
How boisterous I dived in every sport.
But if you can believe it, though so gay,
I wept all day one constant inward stream.
My heart was bleeding and I'd glad have died
But hate for him and galled rankling pride
Made me an Irving till I lived it down.
But what about the rose? I thought you'd ask;
I have it yet; it's in my treasure cask;
And, though 'tis withered, still it shows the force
With which I crushed it in that luckless hour.

Do I recall the picnic? Are you mad?
Recall it when it burns me even now.
You mean the picnic that we boys got up
When Nellie was the all-acknowledged belle?
Well rather! and if you my friendship prize,
You'll never mention picnic, lad, again.

Recall that picnic? Excuse me till I smile.
Ha, ha! Can't see the joke?—No more can I—
I've often wished I could. But think awhile:
I've told you what that picnic brings to mind;
And since you know you'll keep my secret safe;
For by your acts I've proved you are my friend.

BREAK! BREAK, SAD HEART!

Break! break, sad heart! and still the memories thronging—
Memories of joys we neither should have known;
Break! Let me rest! Make cease the ceaseless longing—
Longing for one whose heart has turned to stone.

Sometimes I dream—a wakeful, midnight dreaming;
I see her corpse—the corpse of one not dead;
From out the gloom its hollow eyes are gleaming;
And as I see that instant peace has fled.

And when I turn to hide my face in sorrow,
Through the wide room the spectre seems to swell;
And weight with space its ghastly features borrow,—
Till I'm oppressed beyond my power to tell.

Break! Break, proud heart! and end this empty living:
Break! and be kind: I cannot choose but sigh:
She has been frail, and I as unforgiving:
She lives a loud and I a silent lie.

I vowed to hate—and for hate's venom waiting,
Each trivial wrong I tried to magnify;
Years have slipped round but now for all my hating,
Love lingers yet and does not—will not die.

Others have come and fiercely have I drawn them
Close to my breast, lax hatred to abet;
Alien caresses I've forced in showers upon them:
But through it all I could not once forget.

Could not forget nor cannot cease from loving—
Though she is false and far away from me:
Break, break, true heart—for life to me is proving,
Through thy grim truth, an endless misery.

WHILE I AM WITH CELIA.

How the winged moments fly!
Hours unnoticed pass me by;
Time is but a round of joy;
While I am with Celia.

When in shine or shade we meet,
Thrills of pleasure, O how sweet!
Cause my heart to louder beat,
While I am with Celia.

All forgotten is the care
That within my breast I bear;
She alone is mistress there;
While I am with Celia.

When by Luna's light we walk,
'Witching rays around us flock;
Till in raptures wild I talk,
While I am with Celia.

With the purest, noblest zeal,
'Neath her gaze inspired I feel;
And her smiles is honor's seal,
While I am with Celia.

I have sworn to be her friend,
And may God my vow defend:
Perfect are the hours I spend,
While I am with Celia.

May her days on earth be long;
May she never know a wrong;
And may life be one sweet song;
Is my wish for Celia.

I LOVE YOU.

'Twere useless, Celia, I confess,
To longer hide my love for you;
Nor time, nor place can now impress
Another image on my view.

In waking hours your smiling face
Inspires my thoughts with noblest themes,
And when I rest in sleep's embrace
You are the angel of my dreams.

Your form is mirrored on my heart,
To live away from you is pain;
Sweet Celia, quick to me impart
If I must love but love in vain.

THE STORM KING.

Outside the storm king fumes and frets,
While streaks of fire flash from his eye;
Against the pane a torrent beats,
And distant rumblings rend the sky.

But all oblivious of his wrath,
Nor heeding e'en the lightning's dart,
Within I sit and pledge my troth
To Celia, guardian of my heart.

To Celia, whom I've learned to love
Far better than all else beside;
And who, imprompted from above,
Has promised soon to be my bride.

What wonder then that all forgot,
The wind bursts howling o'er the lea?
What wonder that the skies can plot
Unheeded by my love and me?

Though hurricanes should never cease,
Their fury I could long withstand,
And deem my lot a life of peace,
With Celia walking hand in hand.

FANCY'S VAGARIES.

"While in California I once met a pretty girl who was a very sweet singer. Among the songs with which she used to charm me I was particularly delighted with her rendition of "The Fisherman and His Child," in the chorus of which my readers will remember are the words "Come to me, I love thee," supposed to be chanted by angels to a drowning boy. After I first heard the song, it was several weeks before I could rid my memory of the refrain; and to get even with the lovely creature whose voice so haunted me, I wrote:

In the stilly hours of midnight,
While upon my cot I lay,
Dozing, dreaming, sighing, scheming,
Sick at heart with life's affray;
Through the dark and gloomy sadness
Softly stole a voice I knew,
And in tones of melting sweetness,
Came its message kind and true.
"Come to me, I love thee,"
Was the burden of refrain;
"Come to me, I love thee,"
Echo whispered back again.

It was Celia's voice enticing,
That subdued my panting breast;
And I listened to its music,
Soothed and wafted into rest.

From above I saw her smiling,
And my sorrows all took wing;
While with melody beguiling,
She was there, and Love, and Spring.
"Come to me, I love thee,"
Softly sounded in my ear;
"Come to me, I love thee,"
Softer still the accents dear.

Then her lips upon my forehead
Tenderly the vision placed;
And she kissed me as I slumbered,
With a touch so pure and chaste,
That my brain was bathed in perfume,
And my soul in perfect bliss
Caught again the tender message,
Chaster e'en than loving kiss:
"Come to me, I love thee,"
From afar the accents creep;
"Come to me, I love thee,"
Till I sank in sweetest sleep.

THE SOUL OF BEAUTY.

When seas and rivers, vales and hills
Divide me from fair Laura;
Nor harp, nor bird with merry trills
Can drive away my sorrow.

Where'er I roam, how near or far,
Through scenes for grandeur peerless;
If they remind me not of her,
Alas! they will be cheerless.

For Laura sprightly, sweet and pure,
So full of love and duty;
With tender eyes and face demure,
To me is soul of beauty.

THE ST. FRANCIS.

This is a river in Canada flowing into the St. Lawrence by way of the Richelieu. At Richmond, one of the oldest towns in the Province of Quebec, the view across the St. Francis to the Melbourne side is one of the most entrancing it has ever been the author's privilege to see.

Where St. Francis rippling flows,
O'er its shallow pebbled bed,
'Twixt fair Melbourne's maple rows,
And the lazy dust that blows
Over Richmond's hoary head.

There I met a maiden fair,—
Bright blue eyes and flossy hair,
Full of laughter, full of fun,—
Venus and herself were one;
And her name was Edith.

To become her lover bold,
To stroke down those locks of gold,
With impunity and ease,
Was my constant wish and aim;
So her maidenship to tame
I did all I could to please.

I had nearly won her heart,
And was overwhelmed with bliss,
In prospect that she soon might be my bride;
When my fortunes bade me part
From this lovely little Miss;
And all my grief and pain the fates defied.

Still I think of old St. Francis
As it ripplingly glides on:
Though away from it I far and farther roam;
But the charm that most enhances
Lies its fertile banks upon,
And is found within a little maiden's home.

THE SKUGOG.

This peculiarly named Canadian stream is a connecting link in the chain of lakes that almost joins the Georgian Bay with Lake Ontario. The Town of Lindsay is situated upon it, and by too free a use of dams near that place the river has overflown its banks in many places. The trees with which these banks were at one time covered have died off, leaving nothing now but innumerable stumps to tell of their departed glory.

Though I cannot be ecstatic in my praises,
Of thy sullen, murky waters stealing on,
Yet, oh Skugog! I can sing about the "daisies"
That are nurtured, watched and reared thy shores upon,
Though the stumps that stem thy tide when it is swollen
Are unpicturesque, unlovely, humid, dank;
Many beauties—nature's beauties—have been lavished
With a generous profusion on thy bank.

To enumerate them all would take a life-time,
Yet to pass one by unnoticed seems unkind,
So to strike the happy mean and make the verse rhyme
I will merely name what beauties come to mind.
There is Martha, charming Martha, like a rosebud,
Shedding beauty, perfume, pleasure all around;
Making life for those with whom she comes in contact
With continual surprises to redound.

There is Laura, dark-eyed Laura, tall and slender,
The desired of all desirings that is known;
Full of passion, strongest passion, yet so tender,
For her rashness her good traits do quite atone.
While Jeanie, with her regal gait and carriage,
Her nobleness of character and mien,
Her pure and honest face naught could disparage,
Shines o'er her sex a veritable queen.

Then there's laughing Bert, the essence of good nature,
The picture of enjoyment and of fun;
With contentment true engraved on ev'ry feature—
Grand and only the inimitable one.
While her bosom friend and confidant, fair Nellie,
An open-hearted, frank and loving girl,
With her silv'ry peals of merry-toned laughter,
Is to qualify correct a very pearl.

And there's Bessie—simple-hearted little Bessie,
Full of pity, of endearing ways and wiles;
True as steel and like a sun-show'r I confess me,
When through tears burst forth her winsome, happy smiles.
Or there's Aggie, quite as witty as she's gushing,
In company the acme of desire,
Where she cannot help but be so entertaining,
That even an Apollo she'd inspire.

And then again—but there, that's quite sufficient
To set my wond'ring readers all agog;
And were my weak pen-painting not deficient,
They'd wish themselves beside the old Skugog.
If I cannot be ecstatic in my praises
Of thy sullen, murky waters stealing on,
Yet, oh Skugog! I can sing about the "daisies"
That are nurtured, watched and reared thy shores upon.

DRIFTING WITH THE TIDE.

Commemorative of the moonlight return in rowboats from several private picnics to Nun's Island—a large and hospitable piece of property, dividing the St. Lawrence River some three miles below Lachine Rapids; the same rapids, by the way, that Moore has made famous in his "Canadian Boat Song."

Come launch the boats together, boys,
The night is drawing on;
Old Time we cannot tether, boys,
A pleasant day has gone;
Pull out across the waters, boys,
That from the Rapids glide,
And let the throng, in happy song,
Go drifting with the tide.

CHORUS.

Drifting with the tide, yes, drifting with the tide;
Maidens and their sweethearts sitting side by side;
Who can paint the pleasures of that happy, happy ride,
As formed in grand flotilla we drift, singing, down the tide.

The moon in fitful fancy tries,
With many a glitt'ring beam.
To hold the ripples as they rise
From dancing down the stream;
Despairing of her task, she sighs
For friendly cloud to hide;
But listlessly we hear her plea,
While drifting with the tide.

CHORUS.

Along the shore like sentries stand
Grim poplars in the haze;
Or here and there a maple grand
Invites our passing praise;

But though they send from off the land
Their shadows far to chide;
In vain they preach, for out of reach
We're drifting with the tide.

CHORUS.

With happy heart and lusty throat,
We sing a common song;
Since ev'ry well-remembered note
May present bliss prolong.
Too bad we cannot always float,
Upon Life's current wide;
And feel the joys of girls and boys,
While drifting with the tide.

CHORUS.

WILD ALBERTA.

Once I lived in wild Alberta,
Where the Summer days are long;
Where the prairie fires burn fiercely,
And the "Chinook" wind blows strong:
Where great herds invest the "coulees,"
Guided there by cowboy's rein;
Where the "Rockies" stand as sentries
Over miles of hazy plain.

Once I lived in wild Alberta—
And so happy was the time,
That remembrance comes unbidden,
And pent thoughts leap forth in rhyme;
For it was in wild Alberta,
Far removed from sordid care,
That I met my dearest charmer—
Met my lovely Jennie there.

Her I met in wild Alberta,
And like Eden seemed the plain;
As we walked and talked together
Or on "bronchos" held the rein:
Gladly, therefore, wild Alberta
I recall your varied charm,
For in ev'ry rolling vista
I can see my Jennie's form.

Yes, I've lived in wild Alberta,
Lived and loved when days were long,
Where among the prairie flowers
Whirrs the noisy locust throng.
And in bliss I've viewed the "bottoms,"
Where the lazy cattle browse;
While old "Mountain Chief" is witness
Of my lovely Jennie's vows.

MOMENTS OF MUSING.

Once, out in the wilds of Alaska,
'Neath tents we had raised by the shore
With Steve, a prospector and miner,
My whilom companion galore;
While silently nursing a camp-fire
That crackled as hemlock fires do,
My thoughts in a moment of musing,
Took flight, sweet Zetulba, to you.

I saw once again the St. Lawrence—
The pride of my boyhood and youth—
Whose current majestic flows onward,
As swift and unfailing as truth;
Victoria bridge, in the distance,
Lay serpent-like spanning its flood;
While steamboats beneath the mid archway
Dragged volumes of smoke as they sped.

On the hillside the deaf mute asylum,
The dome of St. Peters so tall;
The Windsor and other great buildings,
Recalling to mind Montreal,
Were each, with Mount Royal as background,
Distinctly portrayed to my view;
But strange as it sounds, my Zetulba,
Their forms seemed all blended in you.

Th' occasional bang of the marksman;*
The din in the boiler-shop made;
The noise of the anvil and hammer,
As workingmen plied at their trade;
The shriek of the outgoing engine;
The rattling of carts on the street;
Though at one time the bore of existence
Now fell on my ears as a treat.

I heard, through it all, your sweet laughter,
And felt for the moment your joy;
The same thrill of pleasure came o'er me,
As gladdened my hours while a boy:
I thought, as I gazed on your beauty,
So real and transparently pure,
How oft it inspired me to duty,—
To deeds that might always endure.

Those hours of the past came to memory,
When in flights of fancy and love
I traced out a fame-laureled pathway
Whereon to win you I must move.

*At one time there were shooting ranges located at Pt. St. Charles, an outlying portion of Montreal, where volunteers and private marksmen used to keep their hand and eye in practice.

And now, though the hope that allured me
Has slowly dissolved from the scene,
Like fire that is kindled by matchwood,
I burn with ambition more keen.

Some day when I've followed my hobby,
Till the acme of fame has been reached,
I'll credit your womanly glances
With the sermons inspiring they've preached.
And I'll prove to the wayward and doubting
The worth of the praise I repeat,
By gathering the fame and the laurels
And throwing them all at your feet.

PLACENTIA BAY.

A lovely place on the coast of Newfoundland where the remains of an old French fort are to be seen although in disuse from away back in 1700.

Placentia Bay! Placentia Bay!
To thee my fitful fancies stray.

Not that thy charms of beach and cove,
Alone can urge my thoughts to rove;

Though truly few with them may share
The grandeur of thy landscape rare.

Not e'en they storied hill and fort,
Can echo here their loud report

Of battles fought, of victories won,
Of daring deeds by heroes done.

Too far alas my fortunes lead,
For themes like these to cause me heed;

And were they all that you could boast,
My thoughts of you must soon be lost.

Ah no! upon thy waters free,
I met a maiden fair to see;

Her name was Donna, and her face
Betokened every maiden grace.

Born by a stream that swells thy flood;
Reared 'neath thy shady virgin wood;

Far from the crowd's distracting jeer,
She grew in sweetness year by year.

Her eyes—two orbs of tender brown—
Could change to smiles the densest frown;

Her quivering lip, her blushing cheek,
Her heaving bosom all could speak,

And tell of innocence and love,
And virtues fresh from heaven above.

With nature's music kept in tune,
As near thy wave she held commune,

Her heart unstained by worldly feud,
Was pure and true and wholly good.

Whoever felt refreshing shower,
Or perfume from an opening flower;

Whoever saw Aurora rise,
And spread her sheen o'er Summer skies;

May part surmise the pleasant days,
I spent beneath fair Donna's gaze.

Ochone! but perhaps 'tis for the best
That she is East while I am West.

Yet for her sake with grateful lay,
I'll sing thy praise Placentia Bay.

MEMORIES OF MILLACOMA.

Millacoma is the Indian name for a river in Oregon. Its poetical sound may have influenced imagination considerably in the story that this poem tells. At all events "Josie" is no clue whatever to the identity of the person referred to.

Near Millacoma's mountain flood,
  My mem'ry often strays,
To revel 'neath the virgin wood,
  That shades its rugged ways;
To think of times long since gone by,
  When hopeful, blithe and gay,
With winsome little Josie, I
  Beguiled my hours away.

Its turgid, tossing, tireless tide,
  How oft with longing sigh
I've crossed, nor reck'd how swift or wide.
  With Josie in my eye;
While on the quick'ning current sped,
  The boundless deep to swell;
I've lingered on the mossy mead,
  Where Josie used to dwell.

And there in quiet by the shore
  I've sat while song birds trilled,
And told the tale that oft before
  Less eager ears, have filled;

But now from Millacoma's stream
I've wandered far away;
And Josie of my youthful dream
No longer holds the sway.

We loved—but time and distance both
Conspired to conquer Fate:
And now while I am nothing loth,
She trusts a truer mate:
But still near Millacoma's flood
My mem'ry often strays,
To revel 'neath its shady wood,
And muse on other days.

FLORA'S MISTAKE.

True love is blind the sages say,
And doubters are but few;
Yet be such dictum what it may:
Blind love is seldom true.

* * * * * * * *

Fair Flora was a gushing Miss,
More pretty far than wise,
Who when her lover stooped to kiss,
First made him shut his eyes.

She made him shut his eyes, sweet Miss,
In her impulsive way;
No doubt to hide the mantling bliss
That with his kiss might stray.

But when he shut his eyes, alas!
Mistrust in him was born:
And woe to her, it came to pass,
He left her all forlorn.

* * * * * * * *

True love is blind, the sages say,
And doubters are but few;
Yet, be such dictum what it may:
Blind love is seldom true.

TO ONE I LOVE.

My Gentle Louisa, the kindest of sweethearts;
A solace in sorrow; a fountain of joy;
The truest of true loves; the dearest of dear hearts:
Be that peace thy portion no storm can destroy.

Thy smile haunts my waking—e'en now it is beaming—
Though distance divides us I see thy fair face;
And when slumbers bind me, I feel in my dreaming,
Thy lips pressing mine in impassioned embrace.

Thou darling consoler, like warmth of bright sunlight,
Or balm of cool zephyr in Summerland skies;
A song in thy praise is a song of the moonlight—
That soft wistful moonlight I see in thine eyes.

So gentle Louisa, my kindest of sweethearts;
My solace in sorrow; my fountain of joy;
My truest of true loves; my dearest of dear hearts:
May heaven grant thee peace that all earth can't destroy.

WHERE LOUISA DWELLS.

Though the rolling and the tumult of a busy, busy world
Fall with tedium unending on my ear;
Though the gayest city's gayeties around my way are whirled,
Till the hours seem almost spent before they're here:

Still my thoughts find time to wander to a cottage far away,
Where the whippoorwill its homely story tells;
And there by fairies' favor I while the happy day
Where Louisa dwells.

Through the smoky haze of distance, over ocean wild and wide,
I can hear Lake Hypoluxo* lap its banks;
And can see the royal pompano leap glistening from its tide
To fright the eddying mullet from their pranks.
At the beach a dear form lingers and the very waves grow calm,
As she reaches in their depths to gather shells;
And dainty zephyrs gossip of her graces with a palm
Where Louisa dwells.

Tropic nighttime freights its breezes with a scent of ripening pines;
And a fragrance floats from guava groves in bloom;
As I stroll mid oleanders 'neath a moon that peerless shines;
Or pause within palmetto's welcome gloom:
For methinks my arm encircles a queen of Eve's fair race
While all the ills of life her smile dispels:—
So who can blame my dreaming of that enchanting place
Where Louisa dwells.

*Hypoluxo is the Indian name for Lake Worth, Florida, a justly famous winter resort, often called the Riviera of America. It is a body of water some eighteen miles long separated from the Atlantic Ocean by a strip of land varying in width from one-half to three-quarters of a mile. This land is very fruitful and all manner of tropical vegetation is to be found upon it; while the fishing both in the Lake and Ocean is remarkably good. "Mullet" is the most common variety and another species known as "pompano" has a peculiar habit of leaping out of the water from five to ten feet in air. This poem was written while the author was sojourning in Paris, France.

A MAIDEN'S SONG.

While residing for a time in southern California, the author met his proverbial fate in the person of a beautiful little damsel whose first name was Grace. Neither attention nor poetry, however, could distract her thoughts from a certain gentleman some few hundred miles away, who, it appeared, struggled under the aristocratic cognomen of Clyde. In sheer desperation, therefore, he finally gave her this song to show his virtuous decision of submitting to the inevitable.

The hours flit past with merry speed;
The birds sing in the trees;
The daisies bloom upon the mead,
And scent the zephyr breeze.
But all too slowly time creeps on;
Unheard the songsters chide;
For still I sigh from dawn to dawn
To see my darling Clyde.

CHORUS—
My lovely Clyde, my manly Clyde,
The idol of my heart;
I long to nestle by his side,
And never more to part.

A time there was when free as air
I blithely sang of love;
But now, entrapped in Cupid's snare,
My thoughts such joy reprove,
Far from the darling of my choice
The world seems wild and wide,
How can a love-sick maid rejoice
When parted from her Clyde?

But I'll not brood upon my woes:
Nor rue my lot severe;
For Time and Distance, present foes,
Will give me back my dear.

Then will I dry my tear stained face,
And true, whate'er betide,
I'll always be his loving Grace,
And he my darling Clyde.

CUPID'S DIRECTORY.

(Revised and brought down to the year 1900.)

Who was it took my childish eye,
And liked my boyish hue and cry,—
Who loved me when she knew not why?
Miss Violet.

Who was it, when both young and small,
I wept because I was not tall,
Smoothed down my ruffled spirits all?
Miss Emma.

Who was it first inspired my muse;
Who did I woo as boyhood woos;
But who resisted every ruse?
Miss Ida.

Who was it set my heart on fire,
To think of whom I ne'er could tire,
Whose love did I in vain desire?
Miss Clara.

But who in truth first stole my heart,
And pierced it through with Cupid's dart;
Then caused me many a jealous smart?
Miss Nellie.

Who next took up my heart's control,
And made me think I'd reached Love's goal;
Then cut me for a kiss I stole?
Miss Jessie.

Who after that with dimpled smile,
And merry wit and maiden wile,
Did ev'ry waking hour beguile?
Miss Celia.

Who was it with her pretty face,
Her loadstone laugh and girlish grace,
Awhile scarce left me breathing place?
Miss Teenie.

Who was it then with dreamy gaze,
Poetic thoughts and pensive ways,
Helped much to gladden many days?
Miss Amy.

Who was it had her fortune read,
Between the lines of which it said:
That she and I would surely wed?
Miss Laura.

Who taught me first how lovers kiss,
Then gave me practice in the bliss;
Till I grew weary e'en of this?
Miss Celia No. 2.

Who was it loved me for my muse,
Who could I with a poem enthuse;
Who did I very nearly choose?
Miss Donna.

Who often yielded to my sighs,
But when my lips essayed their prize
Restrained me till I shut my eyes?
Miss Flora.

Who was it as I older grew,
My heart in wildest rapture threw;
But who at last did prove untrue?
Miss Polly.

Who was it then with gentle art,
Quick healed my torn and bleeding heart;
Then pierced me with another dart?
Miss Louisa.

But who—to end such fickle life,—
Gained ground with every losing strife;
Till now, alas, she is my wife?
Miss Ogyny.

POETIC LICENSE.

I've been fickle; well I know it;
As my ardor has been rare,
'Tis my province as a poet
To be free as vagrant air.

You who blame me, may remember
Vows eternal you have sworn,
In Love's May that in December
Into shreds were ruthless torn.

Chide not then, since, while it lasted,
Like a furnace was my vim;
Burning love, though early blasted,
Is worth years of lukewarm whim.

One REAL *kiss*—one moment's RAPTURE;
Though that moment passion dies—
One UNCOMMON throe wields sceptre
O'er a thousand COMMON sighs.

Every maid that I have courted
  Is the better for the bliss;
Though the fervor that transported,
  Now transports another Miss.

Yes I'm fickle—well I know it—
  I've been restless as the dawn.
'Tis the duty of a poet
  To wake love and then pass on.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

When years have flitted o'er my head,
  And I am old and gray;
I'll often muse on years long fled,
  And of each one I'll say:

'Twas '67 when I was born
  To life and all its wants;
In '71 one happy morn,
  They dressed me up in pants;

In '73 I went to school,
  To learn my a b c;
In '82 I left its rule,
  Quite tickled to be free.

In '85 I fell in love
  With one, alas! the day,
Who false in '88 did prove,
  And drove me far away.

In '92—then there I'll wait,
  To chuckle in my glee,—
Why that's the year, by all that's great,
  I first met Eulalee!

THE LOVELY IRENE—A TOAST.

Let all who would worship at Venus's shrine,
Now fill up a bumper with generous wine;
And join me in drinking a toast to my queen—
The modest, the dainty, the lovely Irene.

For once I'll forget she is promised to me;
For once I'll let others partake of my glee;
For once I'll be gracious and share in her sheen:
So drink with me deep to the lovely Irene.

Ask not why I love her; nor if I have right:
Ask not why in darkness I fly to the light;
Ask not why she dazzles with ray so serene;
But toast without question the lovely Irene.

There are others, perhaps, who have qualities rare;
There are others as wise, and as true and as fair;
Yet such gems are so few and so distant between—
'Tis a boast to know ONE like the lovely Irene.

And if you should know one so gentle and kind;
Let mention of my love call yours to your mind:
Then offer libations with heartiest mien:
Paying tribute to both in "the lovely Irene."

So all who would worship at Venus's shrine,
Fill to flowing your glasses with soul-stirring wine;
And help me do honor to her I own queen,
By drinking the health of THE LOVELY IRENE.

MY ONLY PLEA.

I love you, dear; and though of humble birth—
Without one boast of heraldry to make—
I fain would bolster up my doubtful worth,
And be a princeling for your darling sake.

I love you, dear; but I am up in years—
I am not even blessed with hopeful youth;
My leaf is tinting and attendant fears
Would dub my passion as a love uncouth.

I love you, dear; but still I needs must add
I have no riches to enhance my claim;
No gold to purchase what might make love glad—
No wealth to prove that all my heart's aflame.

I love you, dear; but while my dues are small—
While birth and age and wealth withhold their cheer;
If you'll reward my love and be my all—
You'll some day cherish that I love you, dear.

I WILL BE TRUE.

Friend of my heart, my chaste Irene,
My soul's desire, my beauty's queen:
In waking hours each changing scene
Reminds of thee;
While in my happier dreams thy sheen
Still hallows me.

Apart from thee my every thought
In thee, of thee, with thee is fraught,
Till with my loneliness distraught,
I pine and sigh;
And fields and streams and skies all plot
To tell me why.

Gladly I own thy lack of guile—
Thy modest worth—thy maiden wile;
Thy gracious words—and happy smile—
Thy plighted love—
For me have made this world of toil
Like heaven above.

Would that I could with heavenly power
Protect thee, Sweet, when storm-clouds lower;
Yet I'm but human, and an hour,
Despite my grief,
May find thee in Life's pelting shower
Beyond relief;

But e'en though human—to my Queen
I can be loyal—loved Irene.
And so, Dear Heart, should sorrow keen
E'er make you rue,
No matter who dares come between
I WILL BE TRUE.

THERE IS MUSIC IN MY HEART.

There is music in my heart,
There is music in my heart,
Though outside the waves of discord writhe and roll;
While around me storms are raging;
And the winds bleak war are waging;
There are zephyrs aromatic in my soul.

There is music in my heart,
There is music in my heart,
And I care not what the jarring world may say:
Though against the pane is falling
Blasts of rain and sleet appalling—
Yet within my heart is one long sunny day.

There is music in my heart,
There is music in my heart,
And I dance and sing and let my joy run o'er;
For the one I love most dearly,
Most devoutly and sincerely,
Has protested that she loves me even more.

I WANT TO BE WITH YOU ALWAYS.

"I want to be with you always,"
Were the words that my loved one said,
As with wondering eyes I expressed surprise
That me she was willing to wed.

CHORUS—
"I want to be with you always,
"Through life with its sorrow and joy;
"No jarring alarms in your sheltering arms
"Could the solace of love destroy."

"I want to be with you always,"
Was her one artless reason why
My Dear Heart agreed to give Hymen heed
And respond to my ardent sigh.

"I want to be with you always,
"That we never again need part;"
While I held her tight in supreme delight
And revowed her my hand and heart.

"I want to me with you always,
"In the pleasures of life—and pain;"
Till I sealed my bliss with ecstatic kiss
And re-echoed her sweet refrain:

THE SPEECHLESSNESS OF LOVE.

Sweet Girl—or shall I Angel say?
  For you are holy in my sight—
Would that my eyes could but betray
  That you to them are more than light.

Would that the floods that swell my veins,
  And while you're close my cheeks suffuse,
Could tell a lover's constant pains—
  That you might never more abuse.

If words could only half confess
  The passion that I have for thee,
Life would no more seem wilderness—
  But one long round of ecstasy.

If I could prove by one grand act
  Just how your every movement charms,
You'd know my love no virtue lacked:
  And that my heaven is in your arms.

Sweet Girl—or let me Angel say!
  For you are holy in my sight—
Read and in weakness find display
  Of love no pen has power to write.

AN INSCRIPTION.

These lines I write to One whose light
  Illumes my lonely way;
Whose happy smile makes joy of toil,
  And turns my night to day.

Whose regal brow confronts me now,
  Though she is nowhere near;

Till I confess from empty space
I gather perfect cheer.

Whose shapely chin my praise to win
Comes ever on my view;
Whose damask cheeks each tribute seeks—
Nor vainly do they sue.

Whose honeyed lip—which zephyrs sip
For nectar-laden kiss—
Too far off flaunts with saucy taunts
Its store of soulful bliss.

Within whose eyes (which high I prize
As truth's most certain test)
Is seen enshrined the traits that bind—
The virtues I love best.

And so I write to One whose light
Turns night to brightest day;
Since thoughts of her—so true—so fair—
Drive all my cares away.

IN MEMORY OF IRENE.

(My bride wife, who died after an illness of eight hours on July 6th, 1901, at West Palm Beach, Florida, just two months and nine days after our marriage.)

They have laid her away 'neath the sheltering pines,
In the garments in which she was wed;
On her tresses of ebon a rose-wreath reclines—
Like a crown on fair princess's head.
By the sound of Atlantic's weird nuptial march,
Near the orange blossoms' odorous breath,
With a tropical sky for hymeneal arch,
She today lies the consort of Death.

But stricken and cheerless I wander forlorn,
Of the true heart that loved me bereft;
The happiest bridegroom but yesterday morn—
Now the saddest of mourners is left;
While her love words in echo yet linger around—
While the rays of her smile are yet bright—
I awake with a start from the pleasure profound,
To behold my life robbed of its light.

She is gone, she is gone! And in desolate mood
I would fain force my way to her side;
Through the shadowy gates I would press if I could
To again clasp my beautiful bride.
All the future without her is hidden in gloom;
E'en the past chides with memories keen:
While the merciless present makes welcome a doom
That will lead to my lovely Irene.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A WIFE.

My lovely one has departed;
She has wandered into the darkness.
Though loudly I call her to come;
Yet vain are my dearest entreaties.
The place of which she was part—
The home where she reigned as a princess
Is vacant, alas, and bereft,
And in her stead reigns a horror.

I look around me unceasingly—
Peer through the whispering shadows;
But lo my loved one is wanting
And the silence resounds with her absence.
Where I was wont to behold her,
Industrious, beautiful, confiding;

Where I had hitherto heard
  The song of her voice and her garments,
All is now blank and still
  And my heart sinks heavily within me.

Oh thou dear light of my life—
  Thou beacon of hope and hereafter!
Oh my beloved, my bride,
  My chosen, my queen among women!
Am I to see you no more?
  Is my bliss and my happiness ended?
Speak! oh speak, Love, and say
  That our aims have not been delusion.

I know you were better than I;
  I appreciate too well my unworthiness;
And in my moments of calm;
  I have knelt in gratitude often:
Thanking the Lord Most High
  For the grace of even your memory.
But bitterness seasons my thanks
  And my gratitude proves evanescent;
For when the fear close comes
  That we are divided forever
The pangs pierce deeper than arrows
  And I cry out in angry rebellion.

Honey lips! Dear Heart! Darling!
  I appeal to your vows of devotion.
Remember if now you can
  Your promise of love everlasting.
Send but the glance of your eye—
  The ray of your smile transcendental,
Back through the gloom and the darkness—
  Back o'er the chasm that divides us.
Tell me by visible sign
  That the future holds yet a reunion.

Tell me beloved that still
By exertion I some day may join you.
Then will my suffering cease—
Then will my joy be rekindled.

But no! My loved one has gone—
She has vanished into the darkness.
Though loudly I call her to come
In vain are my dearest entreaties.
The place of which she was part—
The home where she reigned as a princess
Is vacant, is empty, is lone,
Is drear and bereft and deserted.
Now in her cherished stead
Reigns an indescribable horror.
I look around me unceasingly—
Peer through the whispering shadows;
But lo, my loved one is wanting
And the silence resounds with her absence.

THE MISSING MEASURE.

I have many keepsakes of her—books, sketches, photographs, fancy work and articles she had purchased. I have the drawing that she started on the morning of her death and with which she had expected to surprise me. But of all the remembrances in my possession I have nothing that appeals to me more strongly than an unfinished musical composition that she had made containing two and one-half pages of carefully written music. It is nameless and ends abruptly in the middle of a line showing plainly that she purposed more to follow. There is no one who can finish the music as she had intended it to be finished and it remains in my possession a monument—a broken column—to herself raised by her own hand. I have often thought of this music and on one such occasion I arranged my thoughts into verse as follows: (EXTRACT FROM "IRENE, A MEMOIR.")

My Love caught a chord of seraphic band,
That had floated from far off sky,

As a hymn was raised at the dear command
Of the Lord Most Mighty and High.

And the sound so clung to her earnest soul
That her Spirit soared close to hear,
That she might the symphony sweet enroll
To enrapture Earth's eager ear.

But as she was writing the dulcet song
Enthused with her mission of love—
Her Beauty was seen by the Angel throng,
And they wooed her to realms above.

And that is the reason that incomplete
The measures she started remain;—
We must wait till the author in heaven we meet,
Would we list to the missing strain.

THE GROUNDS AROUND FORT DALLAS.

Although I've been in foreign lands
and seen no end of sights;
Though Fate has given me glorious days
and no less glorious nights;
Though Fortune has been kind at times
and kept me free of care;
And I have had the luck to earn
some honors for my share:
Of all my rambles, palms and peace,
for those dear hours I sigh,
In the grounds around Fort Dallas,
with Miami gliding by.

I've climbed to snow-capped mountain peaks
from which great glaciers creep;
I've stood where sparkling waterfalls
have made their last rash leap;

I've seen the prairie in a blaze;
I've felt the earthquake's shock;
I've ventured near the breakers where
they've dashed against the rock;
But Nature never seemed so grand
as when my Love was nigh,
In the grounds around Fort Dallas,
with Miami gliding by.

For there we've sat beneath the palms,
and watched the long leaves swing;
We've talked about the Seminoles,
and Osseo their king;
We've gazed upon the battered fort,
and wished that it might tell,
Of wonders that it's walls have seen—
of braves who fought and fell;
But best of all we've heard love's tale—
my sweet Irene and I—
In the grounds around Fort Dallas
with Miami gliding by.

PALM BEACH.

Palm Beach, the Delightful! Thou Mecca of Fashion
When Winter has covered the Northland with snows;
Thou balmiest refuge that heavenly compassion
Has made from the rigors where Boreas blows.

Thou field of Elysium—where beautiful flowers
In lovely profusion perennially bloom,
Where orange blossoms languish in evergreen bowers
And spread on the air the most fragrant perfume.

Where croton beds vary the greensward surrounding
Or yield to phyllanthus in many a row;

Where palm trees with cocoanut bunches abounding
And Royal Poincianas luxuriantly grow.

Where guavas and mangoes the senses enravish—
Where pineapples offer a luscious repast;
Where marvelous sunsets—most brilliantly lavish—
With glories of tropical nighttime contrast.

Arcadian pleasures around thee are clinging;
Idyllic, ideal, unsurpassed is thy joy;
The paths through thy pinewoods where chipmunks are springing
And red birds are peering might stoics decoy.

Palm Beach, the Delightful! Thou haunt of the Muses
Where fancy with fairies enpeoples each grove;
How oft in thy shadows—two willing recluses—
A dear one and I have heard echoes of love.

How oft by thy Lakeside in bliss have we wandered
And gazed on its waters so limpid and warm;
Where yachtsmen their leisure more lazily squandered
In fleets of white sail that all heightened thy charm.

How oft have we watched old Atlantic crash shoreward
And chase o'er thy sands in its maddening glee;
While bathers disporting with each wave rushed forward
Or dived in the depths of the outgoing sea.

How oft on thy avenue of proud oleanders
We've glided on wheels from the bridge to the pier;
Or taken the trail that thy forest meanders
To see how wild rubbers their gnarled roots rear.

How oft in the homes that about thee are scattered—
Entrenched behind networks of ivy and vine—

Together we've lingered with friends who have flattered,
And praised them for prowess in garden design.

Palm Beach, the Delightful! For so all can prove thee;
Thou spot of the wide world where nature is kind:
Ah! Why is she gone? She who taught me to love thee!
Whose graces thy graces recall to my mind.

I LINGER STILL.

I linger still, though Travel's smile
Illumes the distant way;
Her hitherto unfailing wile
Has lost all power to sway.

I linger still, though Wisdom frowns,
And urges me to go;
Her stern advice I leave to clowns,
While I embrace my woe.

I linger still, though from afar
Ambition's voice I hear;
Unmoved I view the guiding star
Of many a former year.

I linger still, though Duty calls,
In pleading tones, "come back;"
A stronger force my feet enthralls,
And blocks my homeward track.

I linger still, nor blame my choice,
Nor break the pleasing chain;
I've heard a tuneful siren's voice,
And must perforce remain.